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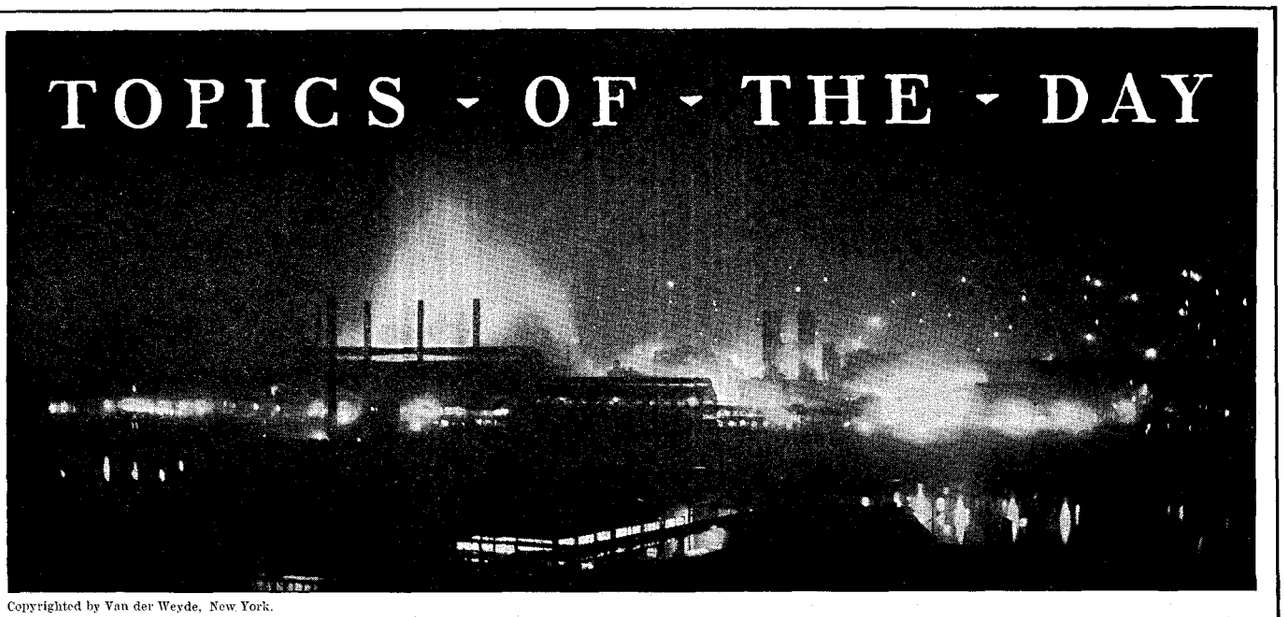
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY



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WHERE A FUEL-FAMINE WOULD AFFECT TWO CONTINENTS. PITTSBURG'S STEEL-MILLS AT NIGHT.

A COAL-CRISIS THAT MAY CRIPPLE INDUSTRY

OLD KING COLE may have been a jolly old soul, but the modern King Coal has quite a different look. People who last winter paid twice as much as before for anthracite now read in their papers that prices will not drop even during the usually slack summer season, and may even rise when cold weather comes again. Private letters from Paris tell of $80 a ton being paid for domestic sizes. And the domestic situation is held even less important than the question of supplying industrial centers with enough coal to turn out the increased volume of products called for by the war. Manufacturers have been paying twice or thrice as much for bituminous coal as seems to them reasonable or just. Furthermore, they have been using anthracite to make up the shortage of soft coal, and thus keep the hard-coal user from profiting by the season's large production. These facts are noted by the Federal Trade Commission, which thus succinctly states at once the effect of the shortage and its cause:

"The coal-industry is paralyzing the industries of the country, and the coal-industry itself is paralyzed by the failure of transportation."

Coal has therefore become "the handmaiden of food in the eyes of the Wilson Administration," as a Washington correspondent remarks in calling our attention to the eager desire shown in the Capitol, the White House, and the various Department offices to assure the nation of a sufficient supply of fuel at reasonable prices. The coal situation is held by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* "second only to the food situation in the penalties it inflicts upon the American people in the present crisis," and Congress is called upon to exert its full weight of authority to bring relief to coal-users. In response to such demands Congress is considering no less than seven different fuel-regulation measures. The Federal Trade Commission is investigating the subject, and has suggested a drastic plan for pooling all coal-production and all transportation under Government supervision. The newly created Exports Council recommends Government licensing of fuel shipments abroad. Secretary Daniels has flatly announced that he will not pay exorbitant prices and has intimated that the Government is prepared to take over the mines if necessary. A conference of coal operators have agreed to meet the Government half-way by a voluntary low-price pooling arrangement. As the New York *Evening Post's* correspondent reports the concern caused by this problem at Washington:

"Suggestions for price-fixing and price-regulation have ranged from one extreme to the other, and the discussion inside the Government and out of it has brought forth more proposals of State socialism and Government ownership than Washington has ever heard of before. Because the price of coal is soaring, because steel is high, because the transportation systems of the country are heavily overburdened and finding it difficult to

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meet operating costs, the proposal for Government control of every business and industry related to the national defense is naturally brought forward. The Government has managed to get supplies at fairly good prices, but the tremendous drain by the Government is affecting the market price for non-governmental construction and manufactured articles. And the hardships which the civilian populations of this country and Europe may suffer during the coming winter unless remedies are promptly provided are being pictured in Washington in grave detail."

Coal-consumers who look for easier conditions in the future find little cheer in these conclusions of a Pittsburg correspondent of the New York *Tribune:*

"With the Federal Government virtually commandeering large quantities of coal and oil to be used as fuel in the Navy, and with the iron and steel companies struggling to accumulate stock piles of coal and coke in order to tide over a possible emergency in transportation circles later on, the outlook for the domestic consumer is not encouraging."

Thus do governmental and trade authorities second the alarm raised by the consumer, and the Topeka *Capital* is convinced that fuel control is perhaps not even second to food control. "It is not alone the advance of 100 per cent. at the mines on the fuel necessary for heating the houses next winter" that people are thinking about, according to Governor Capper's paper—

"Coal is equally necessary, if not even more so, to carry on the war-industries. Fuel control also, therefore, is a vital measure to win the war.

"Fuel control implies much more than the matter of a living price. No less important is an adequate supply. The coal-mines must be run on full time to turn out the enormous product needed for ourselves and our Allies. It is coal shortage that held back the Italian campaign, and coal shortage has crippled the industries of Spain and other neutral countries from which a variety of ally supplies are obtained. America is looked to for an increased fuel-supply as well as for a maximum outturn of food to win the war."

Another Middle Western daily, the South Bend *Tribune*, is no less deeply imprest with the importance of our chief fuel. "Coal does control," and "the men who set the price on coal control all prices." Further:

"From the standpoint of its dominance of the munition and ship-building industry alone the coal trade is essential to successful conduct of the war, and from the same view-point the Government would be justified in taking any measures it saw fit to bring the profiteering coal barons to time."

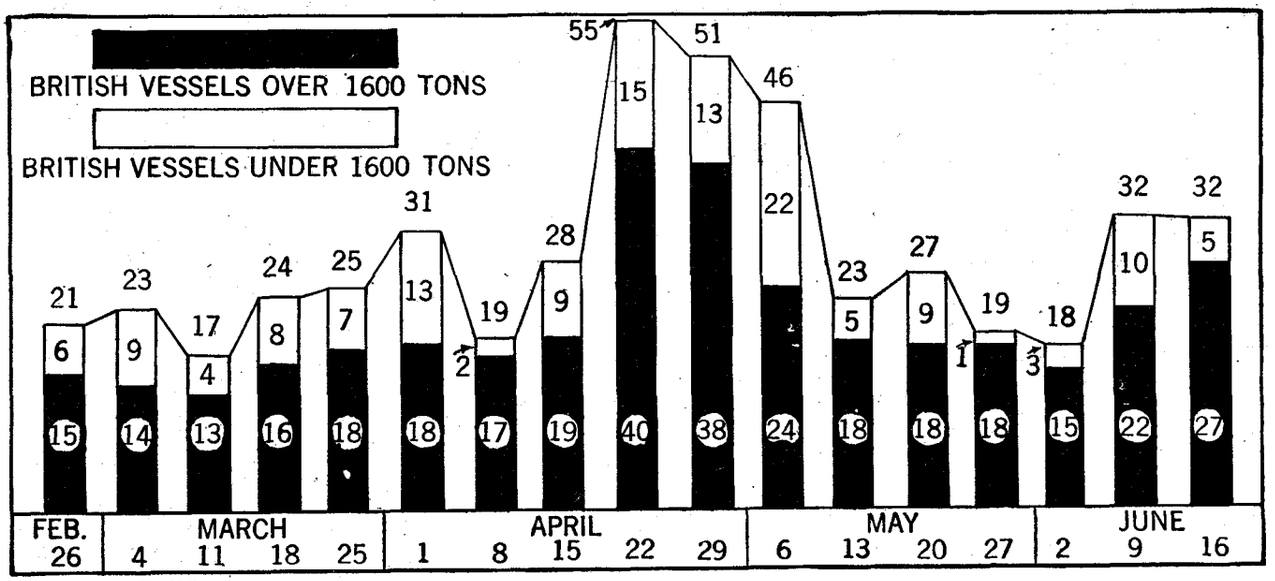
The coal-producers do not propose to shoulder all the blame for fuel shortage and high fuel prices. As we read in the Pittsburg correspondence of that leading coal-trade journal, *The Black Diamond* (Chicago):

"Stated plainly, the coal-operators here and elsewhere can produce all the coal that this nation may require. At present their sole lack is sufficient railroad-cars and service. With sufficient cars and service, adequate coal-supplies can be assured and prices will soon drop. The nation's coal question to-day, therefore, is simply and solely a transportation problem."

The railroad managers, in turn, claim to be doing their best. When a Louisville paper recently discovered some 400 idle coal-cars in the yards there, it was explained that they were laid up for repairs. Yet some editors incline to agree that the roads are not doing their full "bit." As the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* strongly declares:

"The difficulty has lain, as it lies to-day, in the inadequacy of distribution, an inadequacy for which private, inefficient, and, in many instances, unscrupulous and dishonest, management of the transportation system of the country is responsible. The price of coal, which is produced to-day at a comparatively small advance per ton over the cost of production twenty-five years ago, could not have enormous and exorbitant charges piled on it between the mouth of the pit and the retailer's yard without the cooperation and connivance of the carrying companies. There is as much coal in the mines, for all practical purposes, as there ever was. It is not a commodity that is planted, cultivated, and grown at an annual cost to the operators. Up to the time it reaches the mouth of the pit, and is loaded on freight-cars, the only charge against the product is labor. Labor has not advanced in cost in anything like the ratio of the advance in coal. Copartnership, once open, now concealed, between the mine-operators and the railroad companies, with brokerage, manipulation, speculation, excessive carrying and sales charges, all saddled illegitimately upon the simple business of mining, hauling, and selling coal, accounts for the ballooning of a reasonable to an extortionate price for the commodity per delivered ton."

The most radical of schemes for meeting the situation thus described is offered by the Federal Trade Commission. It goes further than the Food-Control Bill and has occasioned grave doubts among conservative editors, who call it "visionary" and "mad." Others deem it right and reasonable. At any rate, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* observes, it has been "setting the echoes flying." The Trade Commission proposes to pool all the coal and coke production and all the rail and water transportation of the country under Government supervision. It believes that "there are enough coal-cars in the country, but not enough are delivered to the mines, and these cars are not moved to the point of consumption with the greatest expedition, nor are they promptly discharged." Wherefore it is recommended:



From the Chicago "Herald."

THE *U*-BOATS' WEEKLY TOLL OF BRITISH SHIPS, TO STOP SUPPLIES OF COAL, OTHER FUEL, FOOD, AND MUNITIONS.

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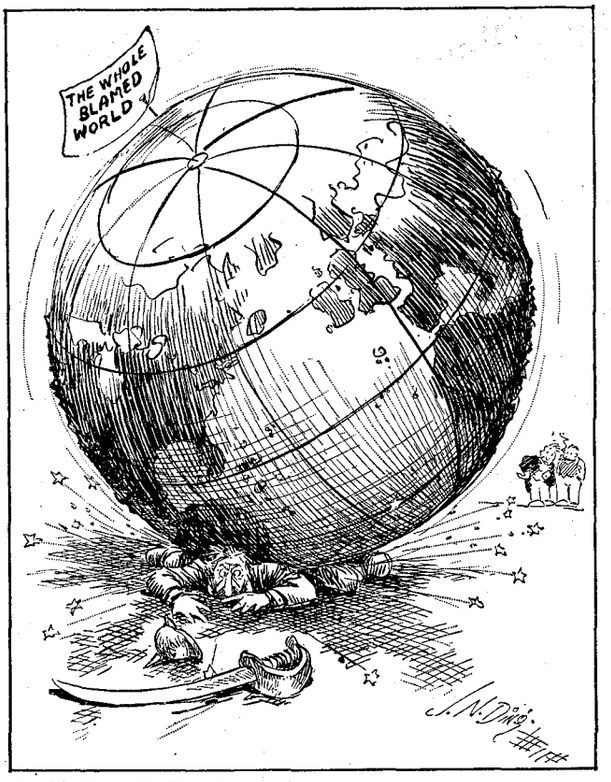
"I HAVE CULTIVATED THE WORLD FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD."
—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*



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WHAT HE GETS FOR TRYING TO WALK OFF WITH IT.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

ACTION AND REACTION.

"First—That the production and distribution of coal and coke be conducted through a pool in the hands of a Government agency; that the producers of various grades of fuel be paid their full cost of production, plus a uniform profit per ton (with due allowance for quality of product and efficiency of service); and

"Secondly—That the transportation agencies of the United States, both rail and water, be similarly pooled and operated on Government account, under the direction of the President, and that all such means of transportation be operated as a unit, the controlling corporations being paid a just and fair compensation which would cover normal net profit, up-keep, and betterments."

Seven separate measures for fuel control, as has been noted, have been brought before Congress. The Senate Interstate Commerce Commission has been investigating coal prices preparatory to reporting a bill dealing with the subject. Senator Pomerene's bill is said to have President Wilson's "full sympathy." It proposes, according to the Washington dispatches, "that for war-purposes or other emergency, the Federal Trade Commission shall be authorized to fix coal prices, and in the event of disagreement with the operators the Government shall take over and operate coal-mines, with an arrangement for fixing compensation of the operators at a later date."

Confronted with such recommendations and proposals, the coal and railway magnates have not unnaturally decided to do something on their own account. For instance, the railroads' War Board, headed by Fairfax Harrison, of the Southern, has reported an agreement of all shippers of tide-water bituminous coal to pool their product at the ports of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Hampton Roads. This, says a New York *World* correspondent at Washington, "is expected to result in a saving of coal-cars and enable the railroads to haul to the ports named 6,640,000 tons more than they did last year, when their aggregate was 31,000,000 tons."

A few days later, and while the Senate Committee was considering the Pomerene Bill, 400 coal-operators representing both bituminous and anthracite fields, met in Washington and pledged themselves to sell their product at a reasonable price. Frank S. Peabody, of Chicago, chairman of the National Defense Council's Coal Committee, who called the meeting and presided, was nominated by one of the speakers "to be the Hoover of the coal situation." Mr. Peabody himself told the operators that their cooperation was absolutely necessary. He alluded to the recent severe criticism of the operators, saying:

"Some of the criticisms have complained of the 'outrageous prices.' It is true that some of the prices have been beyond reason. Seven dollars, or $6, or $5 for bituminous coal is outrageous. There have been instances of such prices asked, but they have been exceptional. The wide-spread criticism, I think, has not been justified."

The assembled coal men heard plain language from Cabinet members and other Government officials. Secretary Daniels told them they had no more right to withhold their aid from the Government than a man has to resist the selective draft for military service. "No man owns an oil-well or a coal-mine except as a trustee," he added, "and if this war goes on long, no man can say he owns a gallon of oil or a ton of coal." Secretary Lane moved his hearers to applause when he said:

"If you do not see that the people of the United States are dissatisfied with the price of coal—if you do not realize that the burden of readjustment rests upon you, and upon the railroads which should deliver the cars to you, then you are not statesmen. . . . To be an American citizen to-day is not to have the right to make a million dollars, but the right to live up to the demands of the democratic ideal, and to sacrifice for it."

The operators were told that they need not fear prosecution for "price-fixing," if they "conspired" with Government agents to keep prices down. They decided to maintain a permanent bureau at Washington and to leave the price-fixing to a commission to be composed of the Secretary of the Interior, the Defense Council's Coal Production Committee, and the Federal Trade Commission. A tentative price of $3 a ton for bituminous coal at the mines was also agreed on.

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EFFECTS OF WAR-TIME PROHIBITION

AMERICANS might well hail their allies with the words, "We who are about to dry salute you," a Chicago humorist remarks, and the New York *Evening Post* less nonchalantly reports that observant and thoughtful people in this country "are now convinced that we shall before long be making the experiment of national prohibition." *The Evening Post* believes it is "one of those things which all can see coming." Even representatives of the industries threatened by this movement find the present a critical moment. The brewing trade, says *The American Brewers' Review* (Chicago), "faces a national decision from which it may emerge rejuvenated, its existence for the present and future made secure, or it may be doomed to the fate that seems to be in store for all distilled beverages, at home and abroad." Another liquor-trade journal admits that "they are attacking us at the most vulnerable point, which is conservation of food."

In view of the importance of this issue, it may be well to call attention briefly to the effects which war-time prohibition would have as seen respectively by the "drys" and the "wets." The economic argument for prohibition at this time is thus stated by the Springfield *Republican:*

"If everything counts in the campaign of food-conservation, then surely it is worth while on economic grounds alone to stop the use of edible grains in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks for the period of the war. Compared with the total grain-production of the United States it is true that the grain used in brewing and distilling is but 2 per cent.; but who dares throw away 2 per cent.? This 2 per cent. comprises in the distilling industry 32,000,000 bushels of corn, 3,000,000 bushels of rye, 4,000,000 bushels of malt, and smaller quantities of wheat and oats; and in the brewing industry it comprises also 52,439,973 bushels of malt (exprest in terms of barley), 13,573,521 bushels of corn, and 2,354,000 bushels of rice. Furthermore, the cessation of distilling and brewing for the war-period would release for other food uses 152,000,000 gallons of molasses, 54,934,621 pounds of grape-sugar or maltose, and 2,742,854 pounds of glucose or sirup.

"Some of our European allies would be overjoyed to get the grain and molasses to eat which are now annually consumed in making American beer and whisky. The French would not consider the 52,000,000 bushels of barley we put into beer as not worth saving for their breakfast food. There are people in Belgium and even in Ireland who would be glad to get the 3,000,000 bushels of rye and the 2,354,000 bushels of rice that now go each year into our alcoholic drinks.

"The question is not perhaps so simple as we have stated it. There is the revenue derived from the excise taxes on beer and spirits; they must be replaced. But that difficulty can be managed if the people want the war-prohibition which the House has indorsed. There are the distillery and brewery workmen who must be employed elsewhere. But they could be used many times over in the necessary industries, in view of the scarcity of labor. Some industries must be sacrificed in this war; the booze industry might well be the first to go for economic, if not for moral and social reasons."

While these arguments and others familiar to our readers have been urged upon Congress, the liquor trade has not been idle, as *Bonfort's Circular* (New York) points out. "It has been shown by facts and figures," we are told, "that any legislation prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages would result in dislocating many large industries and throwing a very important branch of the nation's commerce into a state of chaos, cutting off millions of dollars in revenues, throwing out of work hundreds of thousands of wage-earners, and possibly precipitate a panic."

In a publication issued by the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, the Milwaukee *Free Press*, published in a brewing center, is quoted as thus outlining from a business standpoint the evil effects of prohibition if now enacted as a war-measure:

"It would destroy a present Federal revenue of $250,000,000 and a future revenue of $500,000,000 almost immediately available, at a time when every dollar is needed for war-purposes.

"It would destroy State and municipal revenues, amounting at the present time to $100,000,000.

"It would require immediate redrafting of the war-revenue act, and the imposition of hundreds of millions of dollars of direct taxes upon the American business interests in addition to the heavy war-burdens now imposed upon them. . . . . .

"It would cause the total and immediate destruction of business enterprises capitalized at more than a billion of dollars.

"It would cause the sudden throwing upon the market of thousands of storerooms now profitably rented, and immense losses to real-estate investors in the way of decreased rentals and lowered property values.

"It would produce complete paralysis of trade in many communities, and its blighting effect would be felt throughout the whole country.

"It would produce a feeling of anger, resentment, and dissatisfaction among millions of American workingmen who have officially gone on record through their trades assemblies as opposed to such a step, and to whom a glass of beer has been a daily necessity, and upon whom our success in this war depends. Great Britain and other warring countries have preserved their brewing industries in order that their soldiers and workers may have an adequate allowance of their accustomed beverage."

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HE BLAZES THE TRAIL.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Taking up the question of using grain for brewing purposes, *The American Brewer* (New York) declares that—

"There can practically nothing be said about waste of grain in using it for brewing purposes, as part of it is consumed in liquid form, therefore not wasted, and of the other part at least half is turned into fodder for cattle. It must be mentioned that this fodder is 28 per cent. cheaper than raw grain and contains a larger amount of nutritious matter.

"The milk production would greatly suffer if brewers' grain would not be available for the dairyman."

The same paper quotes an Associated Press interview with Mr. Kennedy Jones, British Director of Food Economy, on the subject of beer consumption. Among other things he says that beer is a part of the British workingman's daily diet, and that men engaged in heavy manual labor "must drink considerable malty liquid." Also, he adds, "it is well to bear in mind that if the worker is not deriving part of his energy, as has been his habit, from beer, he may require more bread, so that practically no actual saving of bread could be effected."

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CHICAGO *VERSUS* ITS MAYOR

THE SECOND AMERICAN CITY is also, in the make-up of its population, the sixth largest German city in the world; and the storm now raging around the head of its Mayor seems to be due to an impression that he has emphasized the latter fact to the point of obscuring the former. In any case we have the testimony of the Chicago *Daily News* that he has succeeded in rousing his fellow citizens "to a just rage," and to an intense realization that "Mayor Thompson does not fit in with the needs of the city as an intelligent self-governing community or as a part of the United States." "We are too big to cry, and he hurts us too much to laugh," exclaims the Chicago *Herald*, which adds: "The Bible says 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' That is what the country at large knows Chicago by at present—a lemon." And a day or two after the City Council adopted a resolution looking toward the Mayor's impeachment "B. L. T." in his column of the Chicago *Tribune* remarked significantly: "Impeachment lends a certain distinction to the impeached. Some officials should be merely impounded."

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CHICAGO'S ENIGMATIC MAYOR.

Altho William Hale Thompson's election was hailed by many as a triumph for the Allied sympathizers, his attitude since this country entered the war has been widely denounced as unpatriotic and in effect pro-German. Yet he gave $25,000 to endow a chair of American patriotism in Lincoln Memorial University.

Altho purely local issues pertaining to the School Board formed the business before the riotous session of the City Council at which the aldermen defied the Mayor's order of adjournment, hooted him, called for his resignation or his impeachment, and threw law-books at his head, the animus behind the outbreak, according to a Chicago correspondent of the New York *Times*, was born of the conviction that he is not in sympathy with his country in the present war. As one alderman who had previously supported Mayor Thompson said:

"I have been humiliated by voting with the Mayor because of what I consider his unpatriotic attitude. He has given Chicago a black eye all over the country. Now the City Council has served notice on the world at large that Mayor Thompson does not represent Chicago, and the City Council has no hesitancy in repudiating him. The question of patriotism did not enter into the discussion yesterday, but the fact that the Council is contemplating the impeachment of its unpatriotic Mayor should cause general satisfaction."

The reasons why the critics of Mayor Thompson think him unpatriotic are clearly and concisely set forth in the following paragraphs from the New York *Sun:*

"The proof is overwhelming. The American-born and American-educated Mayor of Chicago wrote a letter to ten Representatives in Congress from Chicago, urging an embargo on food consigned to Europe; he refused to invite the French mission to his city; he set his face against a visit of the British mission; he withheld the terms of the Selective-Draft Law from the City Clerk for two weeks; he excluded solicitors of the Liberty Loan from the City Hall until he had to yield to outraged public opinion; he permitted a personal newspaper organ to print an article headed, 'Why is America Now at War?' in which it was intimated that the President and Congress did not represent 'the best interests of the American people.'"

Noting that Chicago's motto is "I will," the Paterson *Press-Guardian* remarks that Mayor Thompson's motto is "I won't." "Thompson did not buy a Liberty Bond," it says, nor did he do anything "to root the slackers out of Chicago." "'Big Bill' Thompson," explains the Kansas City *Star*, "is one of those politicians who are long on talk about 'our fair land' and short on Americanism." "We are sorry for Chicago," exclaims the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and the Worcester *Gazette* remarks: "If Mayor Thompson has the courage and persistence to hold consistently to his adopted course during the period of the war he should succeed in becoming as widely known as Guy Fawkes and Benedict Arnold." "Big Bill is a pacifist when his country is at war, but rampantly militant when pursuing a private feud," says the Chicago *Herald*, which declares that "if reform from within is impossible, relief must come from without," since "Chicago is in no mood to drain the dregs from the cup of gall and wormwood prest to her lips on April 6, 1915."

On that date William Hale Thompson was elected by the amazing plurality of 148,000 votes—the largest ever given to a candidate for Mayor of Chicago. Moreover, as the editorial writers remind us, his victory was largely a protest against the alliance of the Democratic machine with the pro-German element in the electorate. As a writer in the New York *Times* recalls—

"The German name of Sweitzer, the Democratic candidate, was used against him, and the Thompson adherents announced that a vote for Sweitzer was a vote for the Kaiser. Thompson's victory was, therefore, considered a triumph of the Allied sympathizers and a crushing rebuke to the German-American element."

The Chicago *Republican*, commonly regarded as Mayor Thompson's personal organ, declares that it is loyal to the American flag, but in the matter of the war professes itself "not yet satisfied that Congress and the President have, in this matter, represented the best interest of the American people." As to the outbreak in the City Council, the Mayor sees in that mere local issues, which he indicates as follows:

"What motives inspired certain of the aldermen yesterday to commit riot and assault and protect the thieves who have been looting the school-funds of this city for years?

"The idle talk of impeachment of the Mayor and ousting of the new school-board members is a deception practised to divert attention from the real issues, and I want to call the attention of the fathers and mothers of Chicago to the leaders of this movement. The head legal adviser and organizer of the booze interests and his errand-boy have finally come out in the open."

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LABOR COMMENT ON THE MOONEY CASE

MANY AMERICANS, when they read recently of a riotous crowd before our Embassy in Petrograd protesting against our treatment of Mooney, wondered who Mooney was. But this case, which bulks very small in daily newspaper columns, fills pages of the labor organs. In fact, organized labor throughout the land is aroused over it to a pitch little realized, probably, by most of our readers. The Russians, comments the Sedalia *Railway Federationist*, knew that "a damnable conspiracy to hang an innocent man had been exposed, but the American people were not allowed by their press to read of this." "No case in the history of organized labor has aroused the spirit of internationalism as has the frame-up against Tom Mooney," declares the Newark *Union Labor Bulletin*, which even adds that if he should be hanged "the way would be paved for a revolution which would shake the democracy of the United States to its foundations." "That the Mooney trial and verdict not only was a miscarriage, but also a prostitution, of justice has become fixt in the public mind of the nation," declares *Organized Labor*, of San Francisco. Other labor and Socialist papers that denounce Mooney's conviction as a "frame-up," a "travesty on justice," and a "crime against civilization," are the Seattle *Union Record*, New York *Call*, Chicago *Labor News*, Duluth *Labor World*, Oakland *Tri-City Labor Review* and *World*, and the Everett *Northwest Worker*. Fremont Older in his San Francisco *Bulletin* declares that "a brutal, murderous conspiracy to hang four men and one woman has been exposed." And W. Bourke Cockran, the prominent New York lawyer and politician who gave his services gratuitously in Mooney's defense because he felt that the conviction of Warren K. Billings had been a tragic farce, characterizes Mooney's conviction as "an appalling judicial crime" and "another Dreyfus case." The only difference, Mr. Cockran goes on to say in a letter to Tom Mooney, is that "the object of the French perversion of legal procedure to the perpetration of the very crimes that courts are organized to prevent was exclusion (by force and threats of force) of Jews from the Army; while the object of your prosecution for a crime repugnant to every element of your nature is to drive laborers from organizing by killing a man who has had the temerity to urge some of his fellows to form unions for their own protection."

THE JUDGE.

Judge Franklin K. Griffin, who sentenced Mooney to be hanged, now asks for a new trial in view of startling revelations affecting the credibility of the prosecution's chief witness, Frank C. Oxman.

This charge that the prosecutions mask a desperate campaign to crush labor-unionism in San Francisco, where it has attained its greatest strength, and to discredit it throughout the nation, is supported by George P. West, who was sent by the Industrial Relations Committee to investigate the situation. In his report Mr. West says in part:

"The accused men were the particular target of the enmity of great corporations of San Francisco.

"My investigation leaves not the slightest doubt that Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Nolan, Billings, and Weinberg are being prosecuted primarily because of their activity in conducting strikes and attempting to organize the unorganized."

"A million-dollar slush fund is back of this prosecution—ten million workingmen are called on to get behind Organized Labor in its fight to expose the frame-up that is railroading innocent men to the gallows," exclaims the Oakland *World*. And Mooney himself sees "just one place to which we can look for any aid, and that is the united efforts of Organized Labor." "Tom Mooney's fight, in the wrongful shadow of the gallows, is Labor's fight," declares Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee. Even the San Francisco *Labor Clarion*, which in the beginning regarded the stories of a conspiracy to railroad innocent persons to the gallows as "almost impossible, and therefore not to be credited," was convinced by the publication of Oxman's letters to Rigall that "attempts to convict by other than honest evidence had been made." And the San Francisco Labor Council, pointing out that "in addition to charges of perjury and subornation of perjury of witnesses, it is also charged and strongly intimated that 'men higher up,' whose identity has not yet been revealed, have aided the prosecution in securing false convictions by the corrupt offer and use of money," calls upon the Governor and legislature of the State of California to "cause a searching and thorough investigation to be made of said cases and charges." Organized labor throughout the country is also calling upon the Federal Government to make a full investigation of all the facts surrounding the bomb outrage.

The story of these prosecutions, which are now attracting more than nation-wide attention, may be briefly retold to date as follows: While a "preparedness parade" was passing the corner of Steuart and Market Streets, San Francisco, on July 22 of last year, a bomb exploded, killing ten persons and injuring half a hundred. Two weeks later five persons—Warren K. Billings, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Mooney, Israel Weinberg, and Edward D. Nolan—were arrested and indicted for the crime. Warren K. Billings, the first to come to trial, was convicted on September 23, and sentenced to life imprisonment, altho the evidence was considered far from conclusive by some disinterested critics and the verdict was denounced as a miscarriage of justice by many labor papers. His trial was discust in THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 14, 1916. Billings and Mooney are accused of having brought the bomb in a suitcase to the scene of the crime, and the others of conspiring with them to this end.

Mooney was brought to trial next, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Again the International Workers' Defense League, the San Francisco Labor Council, and other labor organizations insisted that justice had miscarried. Mr. Colin Irving Spangler, a reporter who had "covered" both the trials, arguing in *Sunset* (San Francisco) that "Mooney did have a fair trial" and that "he was convicted by a representative jury of intelligent men," gives this account of the trial's most dramatic and fateful moment:

"While Mooney and his attorneys were resting content with the inroads cross-examination had made on the testimony of all the old witnesses who sought to connect the accused with the bomb-planting just as Billings had been connected before him, Frank C. Oxman was called to the stand.

"Fifteen minutes later, all of the assurance, all of the air of bravado, all of the self-confidence had left the faces of the five defendants. Their attorneys sat almost cowed by the turn of events. In that quarter of an hour Mooney was convicted.

"Oxman became at once the chief figure of all the trial.

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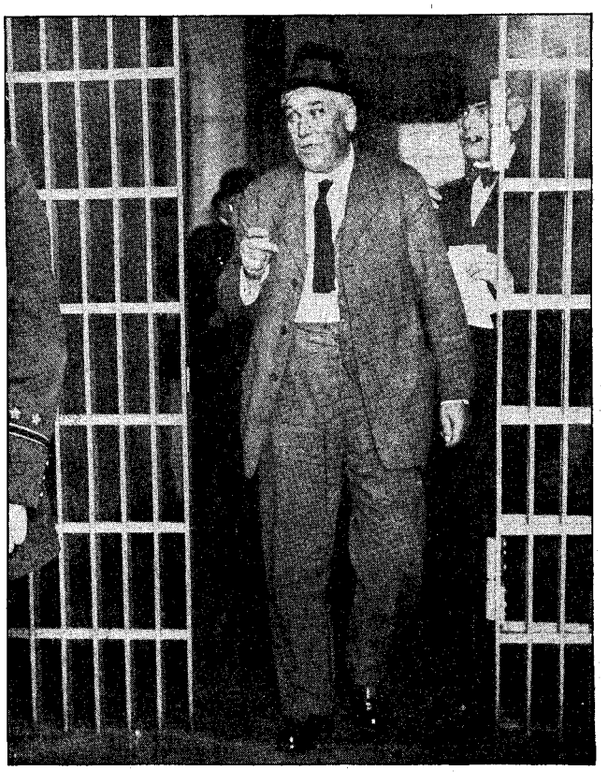
There were about one hundred and twenty witnesses summoned by the State. Oxman was worth all of the others put together. His was the clinching argument, the convincing force, the overbalancing weight necessary to a conclusion of guilt against Mooney, and every one of the jurors so stated after the trial."

Oxman testified that while he stood at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets a machine drove up containing Billings, Mooney, Weinberg, Mrs. Mooney, and an unidentified man, and that Billings placed a suitcase on the pavement against the side of a saloon, returned to the machine, and drove away with his companions down Steuart Street.

Even so, one of the jurors was quoted by the Oakland *World* as saying immediately after the trial: "I don't know whether Mooney is guilty or not. We convicted him on his past record." But the dramatic crisis in the case came later. A bell-boy in a San Francisco hotel picked up a crumpled sheet of paper on which Oxman had begun a letter to Frank Edward Rigall, of Grayville, Ill., to whom he suggested a trip to San Francisco for the purpose of giving perjured testimony in the Mooney case. Rigall was found, and he handed over to the defense a number of letters from Oxman. The first of these reads:

"Dear Ed—Has been a long time since I hurd from you. I have a chance for you to come to San Frico, as a expurt witness in a very important case. You will only hafto answer 3 & 4 questions and I will post you on them. You will get milegage and all that a witness can draw, probly $100 in the cleare, so if you will come ans me quick in care of this hotel and I will mange the balance. It is all O. K. but I need a witness. Let me no if you can come. Jany 3 is the dait set for the trile. Please keep this confidential. Answer hear. Yours truly, F. C. Oxman."

The publication of this correspondence in the San Francisco



THE STAR WITNESS AGAINST MOONEY.

Frank C. Oxman, the "bluff, honest cattleman," whose testimony clinched the case for the prosecution. He is here shown in jail on a charge of subornation of perjury.

Bulletin caused a sensation that had not been equaled in California since the shooting of Francis J. Heney during the graft-trials. Judge Franklin K. Griffin, who sentenced Mooney, immediately wrote to the Attorney-General asking for a new trial. Judge Griffin says in part:

"The authorship and authenticity of these letters, photographic copies of which I transmit herewith, are undenied and

MR. AND MRS. TOM MOONEY.

She is now on trial for her life, and he under sentence of death, on a charge of killing ten persons with a bomb in San Francisco last July. Organized labor believes them victims of a "frame-up."

undisputed. As you will at once see, they bear directly upon the credibility of the witness and go to the very foundation of the truth of the story told by Oxman on the witness-stand. Had they been before me at the time of the hearing of the motion for new trial, I would unhesitatingly have granted it."

As a result of this exposure, *The Bulletin* claims, Edward D. Nolan was released on nominal bail, after spending nine months in jail on ten charges of murder, the District Attorney's office admitting it had insufficient evidence to hold him. Mrs. Rena Mooney, however, is now on trial.

Turning to the prosecution's side of the case, however, we hear a different story. "The preparedness-parade dynamiting was merely an incident in a conspiracy the extent of which would amaze San Francisco," says District Attorney Charles M. Fickert, and "we are merely on the threshold of our prosecutions." "The fight for the conviction of these men was waged relentlessly, but in a spirit of justice," declares Harrison Grey Otis's Los Angeles *Times*, which thinks that Mr. Fickert has to contend with "not mere men, but the very spirit of evil." In a statement given to the press while in New York a few days ago, Mr. Frederick J. Koster, president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the Law and Order Committee, says:

"San Francisco and California have been flooded with literature charging that the Billings and Mooney cases were 'frame-ups,' and most of this literature seems to have originated in New York. Labor agitators, sympathizers, and leaders have tried to make it appear that these cases were an attack on labor organizations in general. They have employed counsel and have charged our Chamber of Commerce with leading a fight on labor. We even hear from far-away Russia about the supposed oppression. All the Chamber of Commerce desires is a legal court procedure."

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UNCLE SAM IN AN ORIENTAL "TRIANGLE"

THE SAME OLD TRIANGLE, which has furnished plots to novelists and playwrights for centuries, is revealed by recent diplomatic passages as playing a leading rôle in the eastern Asiatic drama—Japan, ambitious for Asiatic leadership; the United States, ruler of the Philippines and champion of the "open door" in China; China, passive, uncertain, feminine, at once a claimant for protection and an object of desire. Japanese objections to the manner of sending our note to the Chinese Government may have been explained satisfactorily to the Governments concerned. It may be true that the Lansing note will not actually make the slightest difference in the status of Chinese affairs, as the New York *World's* Washington correspondent affirms. Yet a correspondent of the New York *American* finds Washington officialdom "agreed that the opposition of Japan to the philanthropic aims of the United States is a serious, if not the most serious, development of the war growing out of the relations between the United States and the Allies, including Japan." The significance of the incident, according to this writer, lies not in whether Japan was or should have been nettled by American failure to send her an advance copy of the note to China, but in the fact that Japan "has suddenly disclosed a policy sharply at odds with the traditional policy of the United States with respect to China and the Far East." To some officials, we read further, this new attitude "clearly presages a Japanese edition of the Monroe Doctrine in the East and a declination to stand for 'no annexations.'" It must be remembered that Mr. Hearst's papers are in a state of chronic alarm over our relations with Japan and find tragic elements in a three-cornered plot where a large number of other newspaper observers foresee a happy ending. But as the incident has brought out sharply contrasted observations regarding future relations of the United States, Japan, and China, a brief outline of what happened will not be amiss.

China's Government was in a fluid state and the nation standing on the marge of broken relations with Germany, hesitated before plunging into the full current of war. Secretary Lansing, on June 4, quietly sent a note to Minister Rensch for presentation to the Peking Government, expressing regret for dissensions in China, a hope that stable government would be reestablished, and America's sincere good wishes. It was also stated that the entry of China into the war was secondary to her internal welfare. Now, explains Mr. David Lawrence in the New York *Evening Post*, "the note wasn't published in Japan or China, but was first cabled to the United States by the Peking correspondent of the Associated Press," and in the reports cabled back to Japan some of the American newspaper comment was mistakenly printed as the text of the note itself. This caused confusion and a protest, remedied later by explanations. But, continues Mr. Lawrence, "the incident has another significance":

"Japan wants the United States to understand that China is her special sphere of influence, and no step should be taken by this country, diplomatic or otherwise, without previous consultation with the Tokyo Foreign Office."

This Japanese attitude is resented by many of our press. As the New York *Morning Telegraph* says:

"Why should the United States of America, the most powerful democracy in the world, consult the Japanese monarchy, recently delivered, in part, from paganism, before admonishing the Chinese people? . . . To have advised with Japan would have been to officially acknowledge the paramountcy of Japan in that section of the world. This we will never do."

On the other hand, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which may be moved in part by a desire to see Japan's attention turned westward instead of eastward, argues that—

"We might just as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that Japan does occupy a special position in regard to the neighboring Empire and that sooner or later her inevitable mastery of that country will be definitely established."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

LIBERTY BONDS are not yet listed on the Berlin bourse.—*Wall Street Journal.*

GERMAN mark is playing this "strategic retreat" thing into the ground.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THOSE suffragists who kicked up a rumpus before the Russian Mission in Washington must have made the visitors homesick.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"YOUR Wilhelm," proposing with "further aid from Almighty God" to restore Humpty Dumpty Constantine, invoked the only Power that could make it possible.—*Wall Street Journal.*

KING GEORGE must have welcomed General Pershing's arrival in England. It's not often the King can get his name and photograph on the newspapers' front pages these days.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

"THE mailed fist of Germany, with further aid from Almighty God, will restore you to your throne," is "Your William's" message to Constantine, his jobless brother-in-law. By this time even Constantine must suspect that that "mailed fist" is being held by the Allies for insufficient postage.—*New York Herald.*

FREDERICK PALMER, writing in *Collier's*, says there are no extraordinary happenings any more, and that he may yet have to write about a siege of Jerusalem conducted by the Kansas National Guard. There are some fascinating speculative possibilities in the above remark, the Lawrence *Journal-World* points out. One can imagine a Kansas boy in the Mesopotamian expeditionary force, standing on the site of the Garden of Eden, thinking of Kansas and wishing he were back in "God's country."—*Kansas City Star.*

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TO DO THEIR BIT.
—Brinkerhoff in the New York *Evening Mail.*

THERE is flattery in calling them food-gamblers. Gamblers take chances.—*Newark News.*

CONSTANTINE says he is still King of Greece, but his testimony fails to receive any corroboration from the pay-roll.—*Anaconda Standard.*

A KENTUCKY woman shot at her husband and killed a Jersey cow worth $100. A gun is a dangerous plaything in the hands of a woman who can't shoot straight.—*Kansas City Star.*

A YOUNG captain named Ulysses G. Lee has just been assigned to duty in the regular Army. Which strikes one as being about the last word in the obliteration of "sectionalism!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHATEVER satisfaction Germany may derive from the belief that a penalty may have influenced registration must be dissipated by knowledge that the loan was a natural outpouring.—*Newark News.*

EACH succeeding number of *The Congressional Record* increases the number of laughs you can get out of a recent statement in *The New Republic* that the United States is now in the period "of government by intellectuals."—*Kansas City Star.*

GERMANY will see to it that never again will Belgium serve as a base of attack for English troops.—*Vossische Zeitung.* Yes, the way the British myriads smashed through Belgium in 1914 and fell upon poor Germany was shocking.—*New York World.*

ONE hopes that the British Government will not go in for reprisals, as urged by a citizens' meeting in London. Let Teutonia bear alone the banner with the device we suggested a year or so ago: "Women and children first!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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A FLEET OF THE POWERFUL NEW FRENCH TANKS.

A battery of the new French St. Chamond tanks, the most gigantic and formidable war-machine of its type. The tanks are lined up in charge formation. When a battery of these perambulating forts start on their way, it means trouble ahead for the enemy. The long-range guns seen mounted in front are kept working while the tanks advance. They move on the caterpillar-chain drive. Unlike the British tank, they are not built on circular lines and have not the same aptitude for crossing trenches. However, they can travel over the ground no matter how rough it is. The tank is large enough to house from ten to twenty men, which is more than the British tanks carry.

GERMAN VIEWS OF OUR ARMY

THE LOFTY CONTEMPT FOR AMERICA shown by the German press will presumably change into a shout of hate, following the usual precedent, now that our troops are in France and have the opportunity to prove to the gentle German that ours is no "contemptible little army." Writing before our army reached French soil, *The Westminster Gazette* attempted to explain why the Germans think that America doesn't count. It says:

"The prospect of the appearance of America in force on the battle-fields of Europe becomes from henceforth one of the great factors of the war. When they entered upon their last campaign of frightfulness, with the certain knowledge that they would bring America in, the Germans gambled on the chance, which they believed to be a certainty, of compelling the Allies to submit before the American effort could mature. That and nothing else, for they can never have supposed that America, roused and armed and able to send armies to Europe, would not be a most formidable addition to their enemies. Their argument was a perfectly simple one, and it was presented to the German people as a mathematical calculation without flaw or error. By the end of May, as the first version of it ran, Britain would be starved out and America so completely isolated from Europe that she would not even have to be considered, except as one more conquered enemy, in the terms of peace which would then be dictated. *A fortiori*, it was not necessary even to consider what steps she might take to raise an army which would be helplessly confined to the American continent."

The submarine campaign did not go quite as anticipated and so, *The Westminster Gazette* continues:

"At the end of May the mathematical calculation was revised and the moment of submission and isolation put forward to August or September. But it would be a mistake to suppose that it has been abandoned. Having pledged their whole credit to it, and buoyed up their people to live through these months in reliance on it, the German Government can not abandon it without the most disastrous loss of credit. . . . . .

"We believe that the next important stage on the road to peace will be reached when Germany realizes that Great Britain can not be starved into submission nor America be prevented from sending a great army to Europe. When that moment comes, we shall witness the great disillusion of this year, and then it will be for Germany to decide whether she will drag through another winter with the certainty of having to meet a formidable new force with immense untouched reserves behind it, when the spring comes, or whether she will find the means of bringing her rulers to reason without awaiting this decisive test."

As a sample of the sort of thing that German journalists write about America we may cite the usually fairly sensible *Kölnische Zeitung*, which, after discussing with shouts of laughter the cabled reports of our military preparations here, remarks:

"Even if the reports were confirmed, they would represent, as far as we are concerned, nothing but pure American bluff; only last summer the miserable course of the mobilization against Mexico showed how little the America of to-day is in a position to produce troops fit for fighting in numbers worth mentioning. It is possible that the American Government will use the war-spirit which it has artificially inflamed in order to make the Army bigger and more efficient, but it certainly is not thinking of its employment in the European theater of war."

Maximilian Harden, however, in his Berlin *Zukunft*, tells his fellow journalists to stop writing this sort of nonsense. Many observers have wondered that Harden has not been put in jail by the Germans long ago for giving "aid and comfort to the enemy," but those who know German officialdom believe that the authorities deliberately use him to say the things they dare not utter themselves. In this case he certainly says something:

"The Congress of the United States, a country inhabited by 100,000,000 people, has resolved by a two-thirds' majority on universal military service; by September half a million men can have been trained for the Eastern or the Western front in Europe. Is it not to be taken seriously? It is only in life that everything repeats itself. 'The militia of the English Colonies with self-government do not come into account for a European theater of war. In Europe we have only to reckon with the regular army of 130,000 men which is stationed in England itself.' That is to be found, together with many other false prophecies, in the still readable book, 'Germany and the Next War,' in which General von Bernhardi coined the ugly phrase 'holding out,' put into fresh currency the prettier but not more sensible phrase 'the freedom of the seas,' and—this in the winter of 1911—spoke of the complete paralysis of our oversea trade—that is to say, of 'starving out'—as the natural consequence of an Anglo-German war. As late as the autumn of 1914 the British Army was 'not to be taken seriously,' and now the American Army is 'not to be taken seriously.' We know the refrain, and we have no doubt that we shall hear it until we have another Arras."

The editor of *Zukunft* pointedly asks whether it would not be

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wiser for the German people to recognize the gravity of a situation which faces them:

"But in addition to military service, another important plant was growing in Uncle Sam's garden. Do you think that old Herr Balfour, the most distinguished figure in British politics, that Herr Viviani, that Marshal Joffre, and Deputy Tardieu, the Foreign Minister of to-morrow, have risked the now difficult voyage across the Atlantic only in order to stroke President Wilson's cheeks, or to proclaim, with somewhat more weighty voice than Spring-Rice and Jusserand can do, the principles of future international law and the tribunal of states? . . . Is it not ultimately wiser not to repudiate with the contempt of superior arrogance everything which is new but still possible? Is it not wiser—and yet not more cowardly—seriously to consider every opportunity for the conclusion of a worthy peace?"

THE CZAR IN PRISON—A vivid picture of the life of the ex-Czar is given by the Moscow *Russkoye Slovo*. The Czar and his family are at the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, near Petrograd. The ex-Czar and his wife never meet, the *Slovo* tells us:

"They occupy the upper floor of the palace, but different apartments, the Minister of Justice having ordered that the Czar and Czarina should not meet each other. It was on this condition that the Czarina had been allowed to stay with her children, who were ill. Daily life in the palace begins rather late. The prisoners arise between nine and ten o'clock. They are given tea, and the ex-Czar sends out a soldier to get some papers, usually the *Ryetch* and the *Birzheviya Vedemosti*. The *Russkoye Slovo* he gets daily from Moscow, the wrapper being addrest to Nikolai Alexandrovitch Romanof. At one o'clock luncheon is served, usually consisting of green vegetables, potatoes, and sweets. After luncheon the ex-Emperor, escorted by an orderly officer, takes a walk in the garden. Sometimes he has two walks a day, and usually goes about in military uniform. At eight o'clock there is dinner, consisting of four courses, including fish. Usually, half a bottle of red wine is placed on the table, but nobody touches it, and the bottle travels back to the cellar unopened. The dinner is charged at 4 rubles, 50 copecks ($2.25) per person."

THE GENTLE BULGARIANS

THE SLY FOX OF THE BALKANS, as Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is endearingly called in almost every Chancellery in Europe, is often represented in English-speaking papers as being the evil genius of a simple and kindly peasant people. Such is the attitude of the London *Daily News*, which, in commenting on Count Tisza's fall from power in Hungary, prophesies a revolt of the Bulgars against their King. It tells us that "the heart of the Bulgarian people has never been in this struggle," and that they were "jockeyed into" against the undoubted will of the majority of the Bulgarians by the purely dynastic intrigues of King Ferdinand." For holding such opinions *The Daily News* comes in for the scorn of that brilliant weekly, the London *New Europe*, a paper singularly well informed on foreign affairs. *The New Europe* tells us that the Bulgarians are in this war heart and soul, and that while they are not overflowing with love for Ferdinand himself they are devoted to his sons Boris and Cyril, and his dynasty is therefore safe enough. The persistent optimism of the British Foreign Office and the press regarding Bulgaria is rebuked, and *The New Europe* remarks:

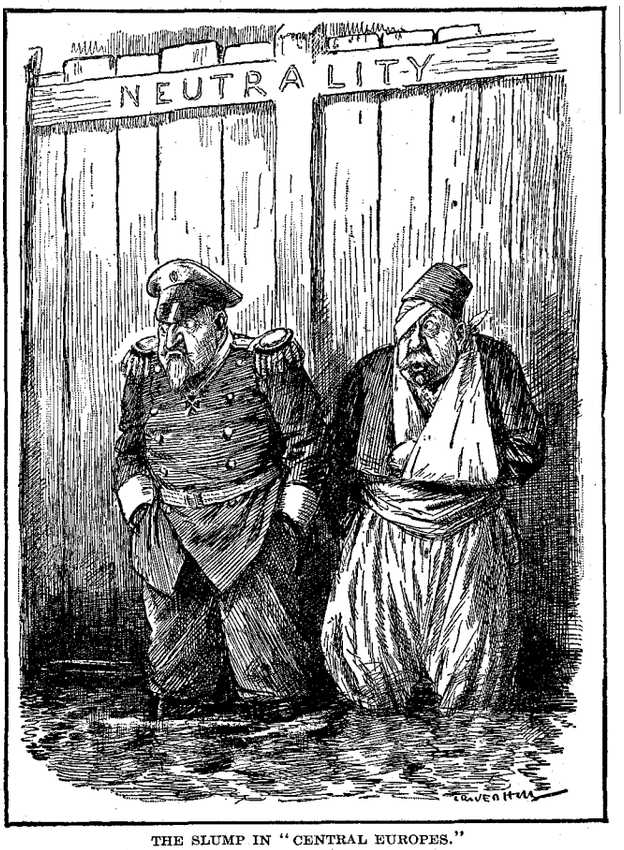
"The 'Bulgarian mirage' is indeed a wondrous thing, and the Gladstonian tradition, as to the childlike innocence of the simple and kindly folk, dies hard. It is impossible to maintain a sentimental distinction between the people and the Government of Bulgaria by any criterion which can not with equal force be applied to Britain or Germany or any other belligerent monarchy.

"That there were, and are, individuals, and indeed sections of opinion, in Bulgaria opposed to the war no one doubts. The point is that they have never made any effective or concerted protest, or in the slightest degree influenced or endangered the policy of the Government."

Had there been any effective opposition to war with Russia

KINGLY COURAGE.

FERDIE (now safe in Hungary)—"There's no place like home, but I think I'll stay where I am." —*Passing Show* (London).



THE SLUMP IN "CENTRAL EUROPES."

FERDIE—"The All-Highest seems a bit below par."
SULTAN—"Why did we ever leave our comfortable fence?" —*Punch* (London).

TWO ASPECTS OF A VICTORIOUS BULGARIA.

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the savior of the Bulgars," it could, we are told, have made self felt:

"Bulgaria enjoys a democratic constitution, and not for one moment since the beginning of the war has the Radoslavoff Government been without full parliamentary support. The Sobranje has sat throughout the war, and curiously enough, the Opposition has not even thought it worth while to reinsure itself by the most moderate criticism till quite recently. Some Opposition speeches at a recent sitting of the Sobranje, on the way that the Germans were sucking the country dry, drew from Radoslavoff the not unfair retort that the speakers apparently thought that it was time to pave the way for coming into power in case all did not go well with the Central Powers. Similarly, on May 5, the *Narodni Prava*, the Government organ, commenting on the sympathy shown by certain sections of the people with the Russian revolution, remarks that 'the time has come for the rats to emerge from their hiding-holes.' Tho we have no wish to discourage a death-bed repentance, we must admit that the sneer is not only justified in itself, but important for us to bear in mind when framing our present policy. The friends of England and Russia in Bulgaria lack courage as well as strength. It is useless for us to imagine that they will ever free themselves from the iron grip of Germany. If we wish to realize by contrast what a strong and virile section of a people can do against 'dynastic intrigues,' we need only turn to Venizelos and the 60,000 Greeks who are fighting by our side at Saloniki."

There have been revolts, it is true, but they were in that part of Bulgaria recently annexed as a result of the war and inhabited mainly by Servians. In a caustic paragraph *The New Europe* says:

"How can we think that there is yet a change of heart in Bulgaria when we read of the heartless cruelty with which the last Servian revolt was stamped out as late as this February? The provinces which had revolted are claimed not only by King Ferdinand, but even by the Socialists who have gone to the Stockholm Congress, as inhabited by true Bulgarians, so that to retain them would not be a breach of a policy of 'no annexation.'"

A dispatch to the London *Times* tells us how a mixed force of German and Bulgarian troops put down one of these risings; and as *The Times* remarks in passing, "it is impossible to lay the responsibility for all this entirely on the Germans." The dispatch runs:

"About six thousand insurgents had been captured, and of these over two thousand were summarily executed by Germans armed with machine guns. Long, deep trenches were dug, in front of which the victims were bound to stakes and shot in groups, their bodies being immediately flung into the trenches and buried. To Bulgarian subjects who participated in the insurrection no mercy was shown. Every one in this category who was captured suffered death.

"The remainder of the prisoners were deported to Asia Minor, and the whole of the rural inhabitants of the districts in which the rising started were removed to Bulgaria, where they were divided into two portions, one of which, consisting of men able to work, was kept in Sofia to provide labor, while the other, mainly women and children, was handed over to the tender mercies of the Turks, who were requested to remove them to their Asiatic provinces."

JAPAN THREATENS CHINA.

"China needs a lesson. Don't get too fresh, now! Have you forgotten what happened some twenty years ago?"

—*Tokyo Puck.*

SELLING CHINA

THE SENSATION OF THE ORIENT is the charge, made by Mr. Eugene Sen, the editor of *The Peking Gazette*, a paper which, tho published in English, is owned and edited by Chinese, that the Chinese President is involved in a plot to "sell China to Japan." The daring editor has been arrested for his pains, but his charges are indorsed by two of the most influential vernacular papers in Peking, the *Kuo Feng Jih Pao* and the *Chia Yin Jih Kan*. The charges made by Mr. Sen run:

"Owing to the opposition of the White Powers, Japan failed in 1915 to extort from Yuan Shi Kai Group V of the Twenty-one Demands. This part of the *démarche* contained demands which aimed at the control and subjection of the public life of China by and to Japan. Among other grave things, the Japanese Government insisted on the control of the Chinese Army and its supply of arms and ammunition.

"What the brutal diplomacy of Marquis Okuma and Viscount Kato failed to exact in spite of the rattling of swords, the subtler and more dangerous statecraft of the present Japanese Government may secure unless the nation rouses itself and drives away from the seat of power the perverse mind that is now hastening the country into revolution as well as alien bondage.

"A sinister transaction is now under negotiation between Peking and Tokyo. These are the facts which come to us from a responsible quarter. Count Terauchi, the Japanese Premier, has communicated to the Chinese Government the terms of a secret compact, consisting of twenty items. One of these items provides for a loan of 100,000,000 yen ($50,000,000), whereof 20,000,000 yen ($10,000,000) are to be devoted to the reorganization of three Chinese arsenals with Japanese cooperation.

"These arsenals are the Kiangnan Arsenal at Shanghai, the Hanyang Arsenal at Hankow, and the Kunghsien Arsenal in Honan. The last-named arsenal was started by Yuan Shi Kai and formed an important part of his scheme of military domination of China. The usurper died before it was completed, altho a great portion of the plants of the Kiangnan Arsenal and the Hanyang Arsenal was detached and removed to Honan for its construction. The balance of 80,000,000 yen is to be used for the creation of a modern Chinese Army on the lines of the one which Yuan Shi Kai intended to create in connection with his aforesaid scheme of dominating China under his Imperial régime. Influenced by Manchu military ideas, Yuan Shi Kai conceived the plan of raising an army with its headquarters in his native province of Honan, which would enable him to hold his Chiang Chuns, or provincial field-marshals, in subjection. When he died, a great camp was abuilding in Honan near to the ancient capital of the Chou dynasty; and here he planned to mass his Imperial hordes and to coerce modern China into 'fear and trembling.' The great barracks are unfinished, and Yuan died before his eye could see what his powerful but treacherous brain conceived.

"Considerable progress has been made in the negotiations."

The *Kuo Feng Jih Pao* confirms the report, and published the memorial presented to the Cabinet on the subject by a group of members of the Chinese Parliament. It runs in part:

"According to recent reports, both foreign and vernacular,

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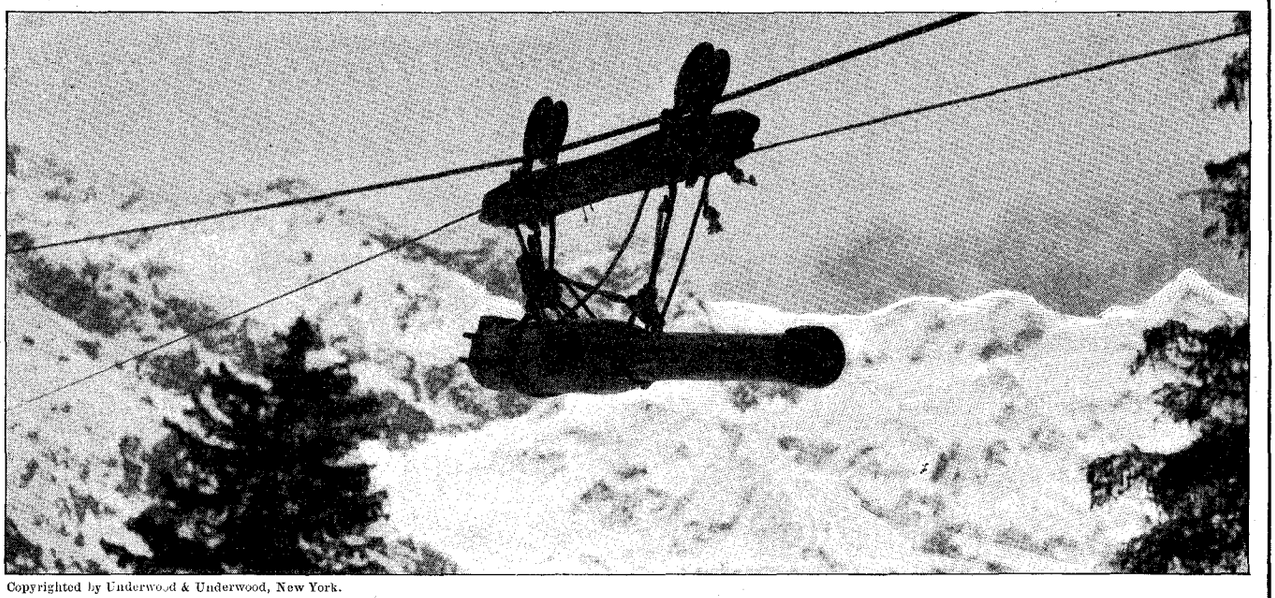

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SWINGING AN ITALIAN GUN ACROSS A DEEP ALPINE VALLEY.

In the Trentino practically the entire supplies for the Italian armies at the front must be transported in this fashion. Only the lightest arms and ammunition can be dragged up the mountains by men and beasts.

the Government has entered into secret treaties with a 'neighboring country.' It is also reported that secret agents on both sides are active and are traveling between the two countries. The matter seems to be very grave; and it has already attracted the attention of Parliament.

"Being in doubt as to the truth of such a report, we hereby request the Government for the necessary information in the matter. We also beg to suggest that, if there is any secret diplomatic agreement, we consider it expedient for the Government to submit the matter to Parliament."

Before an answer could be returned Parliament was dissolved, the *Chia Yin Jih Kan* alleges, in an unconstitutional manner.

In Japan the publication of this charge has produced a great sensation. The Tokyo *Jiji* and the *Kokumin* deny categorically that there is a vestige of truth in these reports, while the Japanese diplomatic officials in Peking have taken similar action. However, there is a tendency in the English press of Japan to believe that the skirts of the Japanese Government are not as clean as they might be. For example, the Kobe *Herald* thinks that Mr. Sen should be brought to a speedy trial, and says:

"The Seoul *Press*, we note, says that his latest allegation is 'a fabrication pure and simple.' We trust it is, but we do not forget that the reports about Viscount Kato's sinister and unworthy demands were likewise declared to be untrue, utterly misleading, and mischievous. And after the lapse of a few months the accuracy of the reports was established beyond question. In any case, publication of the present report does not justify Mr. Sen's arrest."

In Germany we find the *Frankfurter Zeitung* convinced that China's rupture of diplomatic relations was due to Japan, which has an eye to the main chance in China. It remarks:

"China is now to intervene in the war on the side of the Entente, as England has for a long time desired. Japan is now in agreement, because the formula has been found which would enable her to extract advantage from the proposed step on the part of China. In the joint action Japan will take over the military leadership in the Far East. What a brilliant opportunity would then be offered her in the organization of the resources of China to establish herself in the Chinese house in order never again to leave it!"

A frank article on Japan's aims in China appears in Marquis Oyama's magazine, the Tokyo *Shin Nippon*, from the pen of Dr. Sawyanagi, a former Vice-Minister of Education. He says:

"China has had a very close relation with this country from historical, geographical, racial, and other standpoints for many years, so Japan's cooperation with her is essential. Such cooperation must be based upon mutual interests. What Japan demands of China is Japan's exploitation of the inexhaustible natural resources of that country. Japan does not wish for any territorial partition of China. That idea must be denounced most emphatically. If Japan gained a portion of China's territory, Britain, France, Russia, and Germany would claim from China the same concession, and thus Japan's sphere of activity in China would be narrowed. If, on the contrary, Japan's activity in China were limited to economic, religious, and other peaceful undertakings, the whole of China would be thrown open to Japan's activity."

SCIENTIFIC HATE—Germany hates, hates England in particular and America only slightly less, and our enemy insists that we and our allies hate too, but we do it most unscientifically. We may yet begin to hate, altho so far we haven't indulged in this particularly Teutonic pastime. And so we might just as well learn to do it according to the rules of *Kultur* and science. The *Kölnische Zeitung* tells us how:

"Hate is sometimes a human feeling which does one good and in a strong soul is as necessary as a thunder-storm to clear an overcharged atmosphere. German hate for England is, in the greater part of our people, a deep feeling of wrath, springing from disappointment, while English hate for Germany is the mad hate of a short-sighted politician who will not admit his miscalculation, and who sees his losses, mistakes, and obligations continually accumulate. The English do not understand the art of abuse. But that does not matter. According to them, humanity has only one mission—to hate the cunning, brutal demon Germany. In these things the French manner is much cleverer, in that they cover an enemy with irony. The difference between the two methods is like the difference between a threshing-flail and a rapier. If one examines them carefully one finds more understanding of German character in the French than in the English method—understanding but not love!"

We shall probably soon be told that we were active partners in the naughtiness of our English allies. If the Rhenish organ had thought of us we should perhaps have figured in this concluding paragraph:

"In its way English hate is just as imposing as English hypocrisy, both on account of their gigantic dimensions. England seeks to inoculate, permeate, and lash the whole world into hating Germany. We could not buy off this hate, not by any agreement nor by any concession. There is only one way—by our defeat. In England's eyes we commit a deadly sin which must be fought with every weapon, a sin which can never be pardoned—we exist!"

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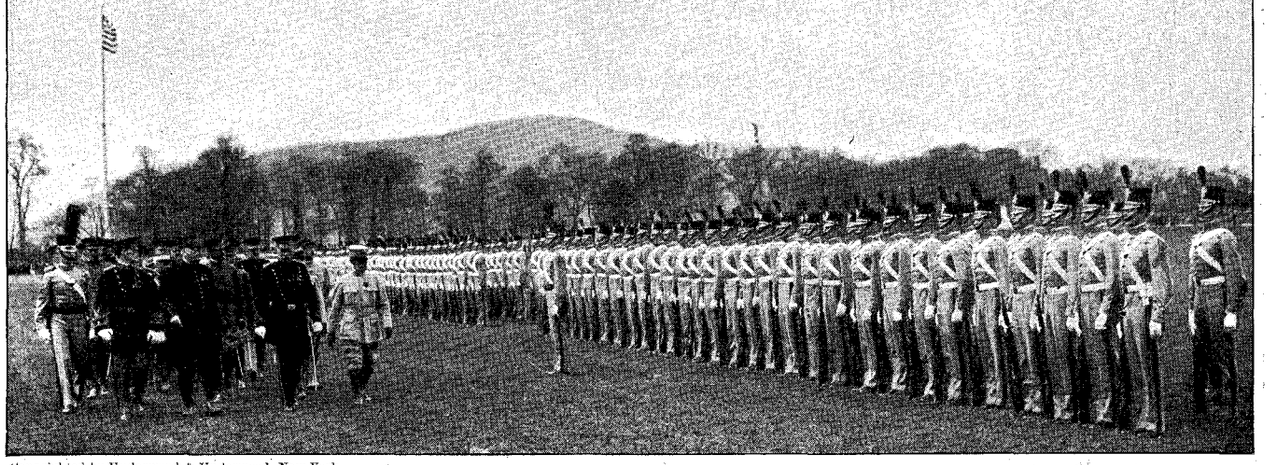
SCIENCE AND INVENTION



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A PARADE AND UNIFORM USELESS FOR MODERN WAR. WEST POINT CADETS REVIEWED BY GENERAL JOFFRE.

OUR BACKWARD MILITARY SCIENCE

WE HAVE JUST REGISTERED some ten millions of our young men from among whom we intend to pick material for a National Army. These men will not be soldiers when they are picked, and yet if they are to be of use they must be made into soldiers in a very few months. We have been accustomed to think that at least we know how to make officers in this country, for our Military Academy at West Point has long had the reputation of being one of the best in the world. The process there occupies four years. We must officer our National Army in a very small fraction of this time. Lieut.-Col. Charles Crawford, of the 10th Infantry, United States Army, writing in *The Infantry Journal* (March), is of the opinion that even the much-praised West Point curriculum is ill-adapted to making the kind of soldiers required by modern warfare. Its daily "dress parade" was once a training for actual warfare, but nowadays soldiers do not face the enemy drawn up in battle-line. The motions and ceremonies of the dress parade are merely survivals like those of the minuet. So it is also, Colonel Crawford thinks, with much of the course of study. He devotes special attention to engineering, and says:

"Up to recent years the business of an engineer was mainly military, and, with the operations of war conditioned very largely by fortifications of a complicated type, it was natural that mathematics, the rule and guide of all who handle *matériel*, should come to be considered the key to soldiership by those who contemplate chiefly the impersonal element of war. The line of reasoning is that war is conducted with machinery and constructions, therefore the greatest machinist and builder is the greatest soldier. To make machinery, to understand how it functions, and to erect structures, a knowledge of mathematics is the first essential accomplishment, therefore the greatest mathematician is the greatest soldier.

"Some such argument seems to have been convincing to those who have been responsible for the military system and military education in the United States. The idea prevailed when Colonel Thayer reorganized the Military Academy about one hundred years ago, and has been perpetuated because of the lack of interest in, and discussion of, military matters that has been characteristic of Americans. . . . . .

"When West Point was established the country was in a crude state educationally. The mass of the people were backwoodsmen, and technical knowledge was neither necessary nor demanded. In few schools was it possible for a student to get sufficient instruction to enable him to become an accurate surveyor of land. In civil life there were no engineers from whom the country could obtain technical talent when war came.

"The establishment of such a school of mathematics and engineering as West Point came at an opportune period and gave great impulse to such education in this country, where graduates of West Point became eminent in the engineering development which followed as a result of the birth and growth of steam power.

"The century that has since passed has seen great changes. From a nation of farmers we have become an industrial people, engaged in handling machinery in our daily life. We have developed a great number of technical schools, which are thronged with students of engineering. It is estimated that each year about three thousand students are graduated from the different engineering courses of the schools of the country, which number is about one-third of those who matriculate. . . . . .

"Meanwhile, compared with the other parts of a soldier's profession, military engineering has become relatively simplified. The complex fortifications of Vauban, Choumara, and Brialmont, whose study made the engineer most important, have been resolved into matters of trench-construction."

Under these circumstances, Colonel Crawford feels that the large amount of time still devoted to engineering, and to the mathematics that must accompany it, is unjustified and unrelated to the actual work of the modern officer. He goes on, a little later:

"The amount of time in a graduate's official life taken up by his non-mathematical activities very largely preponderates. But growing out of the preponderance of mathematics pure and applied in the course, and to the weight given these subjects, there arises, it is believed, in the minds of cadets an unfortunate point of view, one of which they do not rid themselves easily after graduation, so that it pervades the Army to a certain extent—a point of view from which the business of soldiering is regarded as a comparatively frivolous calling. Practically, soldiership does not count in class-standing, and class-standing means almost everything to a cadet. Soldiership is an intangible thing not to be weighed or measured by mathematical formulas, therefore it is ignored. Now, the difficulties of handling this state of affairs, of rating for soldiership, are appreciated. However, soldiership should be recognized and measures taken to give credit for it if possible.

"The infantry features of a cadet's life are particularly unfortunate, since much of what a cadet does as an infantryman belongs to an obsolete stage of infantry development. Reference is had to the dress-parade feature of the training. During the writer's time this feature was a daily exercise in camp, it came twice daily. A hundred years ago dress parade was a battle-exercise for the infantry. The combat of that day was simulated by dress parade, and the body of the troops that was habituated in going through the motions of this ceremony, including the manual of arms, with the greatest precision, needed no other battle-training. This system of combat-training was devised by Frederick the Great and, being the most advanced form of infantry training of that day, was made a part of the practical course at the foundation of West Point.

"We have retained the uniform and the exercise long after

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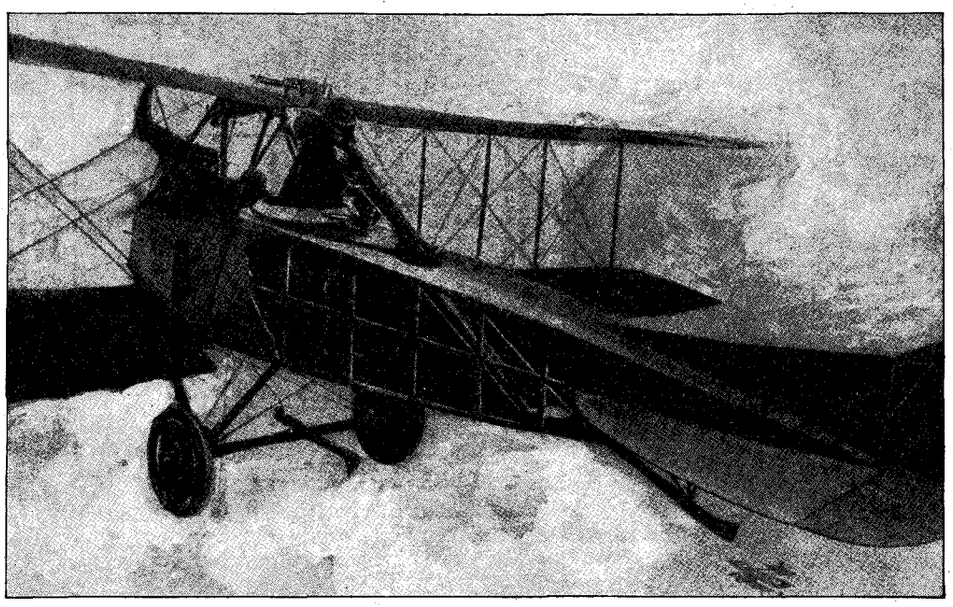
their meaning has departed from them. If, instead of an infantry dress parade in which the cadet must put on a uniform grotesquely inappropriate to any useful war-activity and go through a meaningless ceremony, he were given a part of an infantry combat exercise simulating actual conditions, his attitude toward this arm would change; he would come back from it, after wallowing in the dust or crawling through the mud, more unsightly and uncomfortable perhaps, but with a realization that his time and efforts had been usefully spent on the work of a real soldier, and not, like a comedian, on the mummeries of a spectacular and ornamental show.



AN INGENIOUS DEFENSIVE DEVICE.

The observer of a German airplane firing through the body of his machine at a pursuer.

"The frequency of its repetition and the time devoted to this ceremony, compared with what is really important, help to give rise to the belief which the Commission of 1860 evidently had—that armies can be organized and trained in a few months, if there are merely a few staff officers furnished who know the 'bookish theorick,' but who have not become habituated to going through the motions of actual campaign.

"The Civil War quickly showed the fallacy of this view, for at first graduates were quite at sea in handling the major operations of that struggle and in organizing and training units larger than a battalion—the largest commands in which they had had experience. It required years to organize divisions, corps, and armies and to train the personnel, so that these groups could operate efficiently. . . . . .

"If the writer has taken the stand that the Academy has given engineering too prominent a place in its course, it is not through lack of appreciation of the part played by engineering in modern war. It is believed that engineering won the Civil War, for it is thought that the leaders of the Confederacy had reasoned to a logical conclusion when they decided that they could not be conquered. They had read past history correctly, but they did not take into consideration the development of steam engineering in the preceding thirty or forty years; so that when they fought, they struggled not so much against men and arms as against the artificially controlled forces of nature—of steam on railroads and on river, and of sea-going ships—against which flesh and blood could not prevail.

"Engineering will enter to a greater extent into future wars, but it will be knowledge of the organization and the application of engineering facilities and machinery that will be important to the leaders of troops, not knowledge of the *matériel* and the technique of its manufacture.

"In the common and high schools throughout the country a radical change is going on in methods. It is a slogan to 'learn by doing' and to avoid learning by memorizing, but at West Point we still rely mainly on the memorizing method in all that concerns the art of war—a procedure that might be likened to teaching mathematics by requiring the student to memorize the theorems and principles without application to examples."

THE TACTICS OF AIR-FIGHTING

TREMENDOUS PLANS are now forming to delive a crippling blow at Germany's military efficiency, no only "putting out her eyes," but spreading havoc b aerial *armadas* numbered by thousands. Vast sums are to b spent for the establishment of an American air-fleet on a colossa scale, and training-schools for air-pilots are beginning to sprin up like mushrooms overnight. America has large numbers o men, as well as a few darin women, capable of flyin fairly well and of teachin others the rules of this, th true sport of kings; but th ability to pilot a fighting machine and engage in suc cessful combat with anothe flier demands a far wide knowledge, as yet not readil attainable in our air-school tho this lack is to be met b the French fliers who hav just arrived to instruct ou men.

During the past three year there has been in Europ not only a tremendous de velopment of the art of fly ing, but a specific evolutio of the allied art of the aeria *duello*.

Some of the strategic tac tics employed, as well as th leading types of fighting machines, are described i an article in *La Science et l Vie* (Paris) for May, by Oscar Ribel, chief instructor in French "School of Pilotage." Mr. Ribel remarks that whil the German machines are generally used indiscriminately fo various forms of air-service, only the *Fokkers* and the *Walvet* being reserved exclusively for fighting purposes, the Frenc Army boasts various types of planes designed for distinct form of service. Some are used as scouts and to direct artillery fire, others for bombardment; both these types are protecte by an escort of fighting-machines known as "chasers," powe fully armed with machine guns and capable of high speed.

"The number of the French '*as*' [pilots of chasers] is con stantly growing; nearly all are mounted on either *Nieuport* o *Spad* machines. . . . Naturally, we can not indicate the metho employed by each of these '*as*' in chasing a hostile plane. Nearl all their successes are due to the skill they evidence in the acrobatic flights. One example among thousands which we ar permitted to cite, because it is well known among the squadron at the front, suffices to show how important it is for every pilo to be able to loop the loop.

"In the course of a reconnoitering flight in the East, Secon Lieutenant Navarre found himself unexpectedly surrounded b five or six German planes. Three or four around him, on above and one below, prevented him from rising or falling, o escaping to the right or the left. . . . But without losing fo an instant his admirable *sang-froid* our '*as*,' to the great sur prize of his adversaries, executed a perfect loop which brought hi to the rear of the enemy group (see nex page). Driving straigh at the nearest machines, he discharged his *mitrailleuse* at the and brought down two in succession! The others, surprized tarried not in the order of their going, but fled hotwing, so t speak, toward their own lines, pursued by the intrepid Navarre

The famous German airman Bölke, who died last Octobe after having downed his fortieth enemy, stated to a corresponden of *The World* that the German aviators remained above their ow territory instead of making raids like the French and the British

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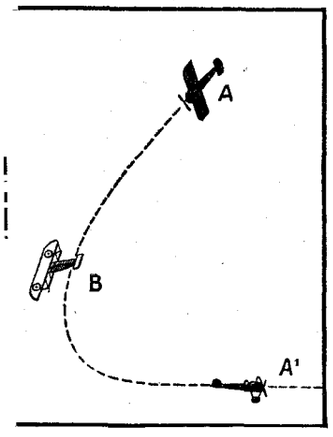
or two reasons; first, because their special mission was to prevent the scouting planes of the enemy from performing their task; secondly, to assure the secrecy of some improvements on their new machines.

Mr. Ribel thus notes the different practise of the French:

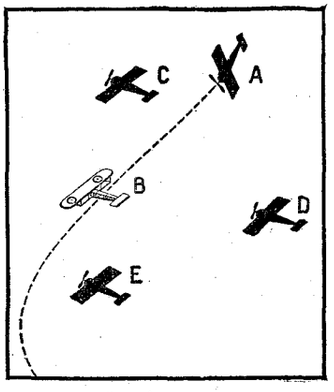
"The French aviator will sometimes engage in combat twelve to eighteen miles back of the German front; as soon as a hostile machine is spied from afar he flies to meet it and makes it take the back track if he can not bring it down. In the course of our offensives at the Somme and Verdun our machines thus established, forward of the front, a veritable aerial barrier, for several days, which no German aviator was able to cross.

"Rapidity and climbing speed are the essential qualities of a chaser. The pilot must be able at will to fly above his opponent so as to be able to drive down upon him at the opportune moment and send his fire into a vital part. The *Fokkers*, the *Walvets*, and the *L. V. G.*'s, which are types most often met upon our front, have a very high speed, estimated to be over ninety miles per hour. Their ascent is also very rapid and the practical height to which they can rise in the course of a fight is about two and one-half miles. Generally speaking, the German pilots in charge of chasers, especially those on *Walvets*, attack in the following manner: Whether flying above their own lines or those of their adversaries, they always patrol in groups or at least in couples. If an enemy approaches, the first German aviator engages him, while the second, who keeps his machine 200 yards to the rear and 200 yards above, confines himself to watching the zone of combat without taking part in it. But if a second enemy comes to the rescue, he attacks the latter in his turn. If his companion is overcome he retreats. Sometimes this maneuver has greater amplitude; the machines fly in a group and mutually protect one another.



IMMELMANN'S TACTICS.

The machine A dives down directly at its enemy B, firing at very close range. If it misses it flies away and does not return again to the attack.

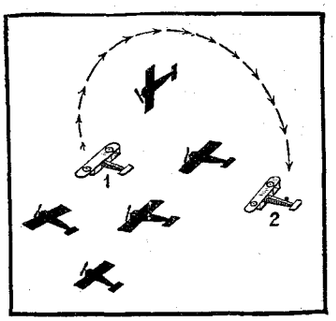


BÖLKE'S TACTICS.

Planes C, D, and E encircle the adversary B. At a given moment A, who has kept in the background, hidden from the enemy, dives down upon B and opens machine-gun fire.

"The high speeds at which chasing planes travel peculiarly increase the danger of rupturing the wings. A machine which flies at 100 miles per hour, which rises a mile in seven minutes and descends almost vertically from this height, is subjected to tremendous strains, which gradually dislocate its essential organs. When a machine is chasing another it takes the most extraordinary positions in the course of the pursuit, sometimes diving upon its prey at an inclination of ninety degrees.

"Under such circumstances the thrust of the air may break the wings and cause the immediate fall of the machine."



"LOOPING THE LOOP."

A valuable defensive trick. The French airman Navarre, escape to rear, above and below cut off, looped the loop, and became the attacker. The figures show the positions taken.

The importance of the armed aeroplane has grown steadily during the war, and is likely to increase with the entrance of America into the war if present plans are carried out. Hence Mr. Ribel's description of the various methods of mounting and operating the guns is of peculiar interest. For obvious reasons he does not give a detailed account of the French methods, contenting himself with the statement that the French planes are all very efficaciously armed, whether for offense or defense. Undoubtedly, the advantageous features he describes in the German types are also to be found in the French, with possible improvements. He says:

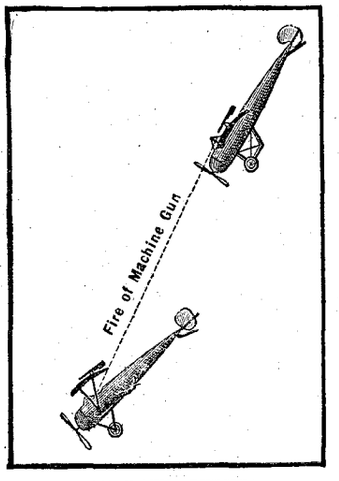
"The success of the combat depends in great measure upon the position of the machine gun on the aeroplane. It is easy to understand that the Germans have paid special attention to the study of this problem. On their machines the gun is generally mounted in one of the positions following:

"1. On top of the upper plane (the gun fixt, firing above the propeller).

"2. On the body of the aeroplane, gun fixt, firing between the blades of the propeller.

"3. At the rear of the supporting surfaces, the gun movable on a revolving support, permitting it to fire in almost any direction.

"4. In the front of the body, the gun movable with a very wide firing range.

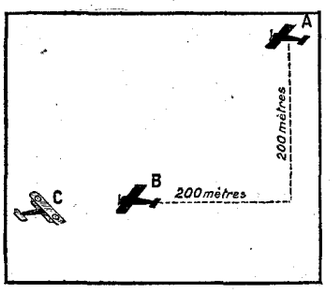


THE DIVING PURSUIT.

The machine-gun's inclination toward its target is obtained by the inclination of the airplane. Aim is taken while diving at an angle of 60° or more.

"The first is adopted by certain small rapid biplanes of our enemies, which seem to resemble in plan our *Nieuports;* . . . the gun is generally governed by a flexible Bowden cable ending in a handle placed within reach of the pilot. The vertical inclination of the gun toward the target aimed at is obtained by the inclination of the aeroplane itself. Its horizontal inclination is obtained in the same way. . . . The difficulty of hitting the mark is increased by the fact that both gun and target are in motion and that the inclination of the aeroplane is secured by movements of great amplitude and relatively slow.

"The gun is generally mounted on the upper plane when the seat of the pilot is behind the wings. Hence the enemy's best chance of hitting the latter himself is to rise above him. The arrangement of firing through the propeller involves the same principles of flight. This device was invented by Roland Garros, who was taken prisoner by the Germans before he had time to destroy his machine. Our enemies quickly copied the device, but considerably improved it before applying it to their *Fokkers*, where it gave excellent results. . . . The original idea of firing through the propeller rests on the fact that the mechanism of the gun is automatically stopt during the passage of the propeller blade in front of the barrel of the gun. The motor is connected with the gun by a cam suitably regulated to secure the checking of the arm's mechanism during a very brief instant, not exceeding one five-hundredths of a second. As soon as the blade of the propeller is no longer within the trajectory of the projectile the system is liberated. When the pilot wishes to fire he presses a tiny lever placed in the center of the double handle of the governing lever, which acts by means of a Bowden cable upon the trigger of the *mitrailleuse*. . . . The device of



HOW "WALVETS" HUNT IN PAIRS.

German machines of this type patrol in couples. A remains behind and above B, as shown, guarding the zone of combat, and ready to account for any new foe coming to aid C.

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Garros was much more rudimentary. It consisted simply of small pieces of steel strong enough to resist penetration by the balls; each blade carried one of these pieces fixt just opposite the gun-barrel. If a ball struck the propeller the metal piece deflected it harmlessly.

"The German biplanes, such as the *L. V. G.*'s, are provided with two guns: the one on the upper plane is fixt; the other, movable, is placed on the body, behind the observer's seat. Mounted on a revolving support, this has a very wide range. . . . The guns which are mounted before and behind are both operated by the observer. . . . . .

"All the German planes are armed with one, two, or even three Maxim, Lewis, or Parabellum machine guns, types specially suited to air-service. Some, like the last, have cartridge-belts holding not less than a thousand shells.

"Each type of plane has its good and its bad points. According to the placing of the gun the assailant finds it advisable to attack from above, from below, or from the side. If the firing-range has 'dead points,' if certain positions handicap the attacked to the advantage of the assailant, the latter must know this and profit by his knowledge. Thus a pilot who is fighting an *Aviatik* is exposed to its fire in all directions save only the cone situated in front of the propeller. . . . The most recent *Aviatiks*, in fact, can fire in all directions."

HOW COLLARS WEAR OUT

HOW MUCH WEAR do we get out of our collars? About 50 per cent., according to an investigation made during two years past at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, at Pittsburg, on behalf of the Laundry-Owners' National Association. The other half is worn out in the wash, but part of this may be consumed by mere exposure to the air. Drying on a clothes-line has been found to be particularly injurious to all kinds of textiles. H. G. Elledge, of the Mellon Institute, described these results before the second annual textile conference of the United States Bureau of Standards at Washington in a paper which is thus abstracted in the Pittsburg *Sun:*

"Forty-three to 50 per cent. of the life of a man's collar, Mr. Elledge told the conference, is consumed by the actual wearing of it.

"Without wearing, he asserted, a collar may be laundered from thirty-five to forty times.

"With ordinary wear between launderings, he set a limit of twenty trips to the laundry.

"Incidentally, Mr. Elledge struck a blow at the traditional household institution—the clothes-line. Clothes lose 'tensile strength,' he explained, at the rate of .25 per cent. for each clothes-line drying. . . . . .

"Mr. Elledge said:

"'It is the practise in many laundries to place a date numeral, sometimes in code, on every new collar. Others place a mark on each collar in such a way that the number of trips a certain collar has made through the laundry can easily be read. In one particular laundry a lot of new collars were marked and run through the usual process of laundering and finishing, *i.e.*, starching and ironing. Then they were, without being worn, repeatedly put through the process until the collar showed signs of failure by cracking at the folds. These collars showed a life of from thirty-five to forty trips through the laundry process, whereas a worn collar in the identical processes of washing has a life of about twenty trips through the laundry. This indicates that the actual wear in use is 43 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the life of a collar. Much of the most severe damage which is done to a starched collar is attributable to improper manipulating in putting it on and taking it off.'

"Interesting experiments on clothes-line drying, and their results, were described to the conference.

"'Exposure to the air when drying affects the strength of fabrics more than might be anticipated,' Mr. Elledge said. 'A handkerchief was exposed on the roof of a city building for twenty-three days last July. In this period there were 184.8 hours of sunshine. After this exposure, the handkerchief showed a loss of 60 per cent. of its original strength. Of course, the corrosive effect of substances carried in smoke exerted a decided influence on the results of this test. Undoubtedly under atmospheric conditions prevailing in the country remote from industrial centers the effect would be somewhat less.

"'This test, however, furnishes an important object-lesson to the city housewife, and, moreover, affords an explanation of the definite way in which lace curtains often fail just at the line marked by the opened sash of the window. Certain hotel managers, appreciating that substances contained in smoke have a corrosive action on fabrics, have their curtains laundered more frequently than other considerations would indicate.

"'The mere effect of hanging clothes on the line, not considering the flapping effect, is indicated by the following test The tensile strength of a handkerchief was measured as described before. It was then dipt in distilled water and hung up to dry. After the operation was repeated eighteen times, the handkerchief showed a loss of 4.35 per cent. of its original strength, or a loss of .25 per cent. for each drying.'"

A TELEPHONE POEM

IT IS STRANGE that the poets have been so seldom inspired by the achievements of science. That good poetry may be penned about a scientific feat as well as about a deed of personal heroism or the charms of a beautiful woman is demonstrated by the following verses, written by Edwin Markham in honor of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, and read on the recent occasion of the presentation of the Civic Forum Medal of Honor for Distinguished Public Service to Mr. Bell. The verses are printed in *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* (New York, June 1):

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

By Edwin Markham

Three wizards called the lightnings to their hands
And witched the world with wonder in all lands.
Morse, with a flower-touch, loosed the winged word
To ride the wires until the world's end heard.
Marconi shakes the ocean of the air,
And sends our words into the Everywhere.
But Bell flings off the cipher and the sign,
And, with a cunning nearer the divine,
Lets out across the void man's living voice
To sorrow or rejoice,
Dispels the distances, shrinks up the spaces,
Brings back the voices and the vanished faces,
Holds men together tho the feet may roam,
Makes of each land a little friendly home!

The wires are everywhere,
The tingling nerves of the air.
Be-netting cities, speaking for all hearts,
From floor to floor their whispered lightning darts.
Looping the prairies, leaping hills and lakes,
Over the world their whispered lightning shakes.
They stitch the farms and link the battle-line;
They thread the Alps and down the Kongo twine;
They throb among the Pyramids, and speak
Where Fujiyama lifts her perfect peak.

A fable it will seem in years to come:
How Bell gave speech to spaces that were dumb.
A fable it will seem:
He was one man, the one man with the dream.
When youth was on his brow,
He was a conscript burdened with a vow:
He was a man constrained
To seek a vision that the world disdained,
A vision that called laughters to the lips,
Laughters more stinging than the whistling whips.

"*Wither the spaces, speak across the miles?*"
How could the wise ones cover up their smiles!
"*Send out our syllables like flying birds?*"
How could the wise ones frame their scorn in words!
But now the deed is done,
And cried before the footsteps of the sun.
Honor the man whose gift from the All-Good
Is shrinking earth into one neighborhood.

And so, great guest, magician of the voice,
We come to crown that gray head, and rejoice.
We gather here to-night
To glory a little in your life's long fight.
Take at our hands this humble wreath of praise
For all the toil and victory of your days.
Take this poor wreath: 'tis all we have to give
To those that nobly serve and nobly live.

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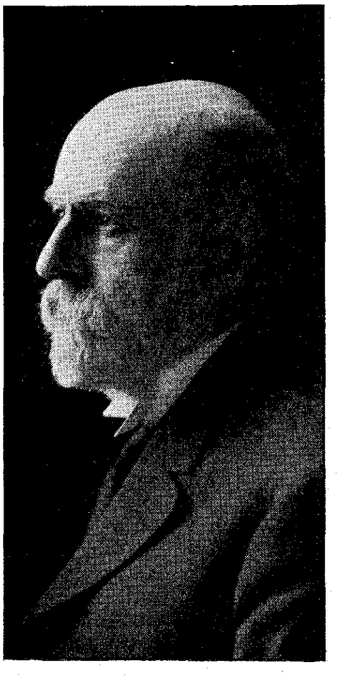
IGNORING THE EARTHQUAKE

"IN THE HOUSE OF A HANGMAN," says an old Spanish proverb, "one should never mention rope." And in California he is a courageous man who ventures to talk of earthquakes. Yet a California professor, John Casper Branner, of Leland Stanford University, dares to do this very thing, and to tell his fellow Californians that their policy of ignoring the earthquake should give place to a well-considered study of earthquake-phenomena as they occur on the Pacific coast. He apologizes for "using plain language about disagreeable things"; but surely when the object is to mitigate or avoid those things by talking about them plain speaking may be forgiven. The oft-repeated experiment of the ostrich, of ignoring danger by burying its head in the sand, was never so successful as to merit imitation by rational beings. Says Professor Branner in *Science* (New York):



A CALIFORNIAN WHO ADMITS EARTHQUAKES.

Professor Branner calls for publicity rather than silence regarding their occurrence on the Pacific coast.

"Here is a problem, or rather a great group of problems, that nature has left on our very door-steps. What are we doing with it, and what do we propose to do?

"The earthquake of 1906 jolted us into a state of temporary wakefulness, but we seem calmly to have gone asleep again. . . . Instead of taking hold of the problems of the earthquakes, most of us seem disposed to run from them; or what is still worse, we deny their very existence, while the cooperation and help we hoped to receive from the public have not been forthcoming. Certain branches of business are especially liable to damage from earthquakes, and it seems quite reasonable that such industries should cooperate with us by gathering and sending in data regarding earthquakes as they occur. Our railway-lines, with their many bridges, cuts, and fills, are liable to be seriously damaged and their service interrupted, to say nothing of the possible danger to human life through trains running into dislocations; our telegraph- and telephone-lines are liable to be broken and their service interrupted; our electric-power companies are liable to have their dams injured, their pipe-lines and wires broken, and their service seriously interfered with; our water companies are liable to have their dams injured or destroyed, their water-mains broken, and their service impaired; while our insurance companies are perplexed by rate-problems in a region where, in order to protect themselves, they are compelled to make their customers pay for risks about which we are all equally ignorant. As a matter of fact not a single railway or tramway company, not a single telegraph or telephone company, not a single insurance company, not a single electric power company, and only one water company—the Spring Valley Water Company, of San Francisco—has ever manifested the slightest interest in our work or lifted a finger to help us gather the data necessary for a rational study of the earthquake problems of this coast. What could we not do if we had the cordial cooperation of all such organizations on this coast? It seems almost incredible that the business interests of this State and of this coast should willingly and weakly, year after year, allow a permanent threat to hang over their industries, their transportation-lines, their public utilities, and their very existence, without making an intelligent effort to study the subject or to help those who are willing and anxious to study it, and to find means of meeting it. Yet such are the sad facts.

"What is the explanation of this remarkable state of affairs? So far as I am able to judge, it comes from the false attitude into which the people of this coast have unwittingly drifted. At the time of the earliest settlement of the Pacific coast by whites, pious people grouped the earthquakes along with a choice lot of other disasters and calamities commonly known as 'acts of God.' And naturally enough pious people regarded the acts of God as things to which we should take off our hats, but which should not be questioned or irreverently pried into.

"In time they came to be simply accepted as drawbacks to the general attractiveness of California, and as such it seemed best to regard them as evils to be endured but not to be talked about. Here were a great and beautiful land that lacked capital, a good class of immigrants, and the development of its natural resources; and nothing must be said or done to frighten away either the capital or the immigrants. If the news of an earthquake occasionally made its way out of the State it was immediately given a back seat by being confronted with the enormous damage done by destructive tornadoes and annual floods in the Mississippi Valley. Our real-estate agents rarely or never heard of earthquakes; it seemed better that they should not; such things interfered with business. About the same time the newspapers fell into the habit of forgetting to mention them, and there seemed to grow up spontaneously a sort of conspiracy of silence in regard to the subject. And so it came about that when the earthquake of 1906 broke the water-mains of the Spring Valley Water Company and at the same moment set fire to the city of San Francisco, we were entangled in the snares of our own weaving. And now see how we tried to hide our heads in the sand. The geologists hereabout were very anxious to gather the data made available by that particular earthquake, but as the necessary field-work required considerable funds, efforts were made to interest some of our business men in the subject. But our business men rose up almost to a man and assured us that there had been no earthquake, and we were told to 'forget it'; to 'cut it out,' and above all, to publish no report on it. . . . . .

"Such an attitude is false and absolutely untenable. The battles of science can not be successfully fought with the weapons of ignorance and bigotry."

"SURE CURES" FOR THE "U"-BOAT—The number of devices for ridding the ocean of *U*-boats is equaled only by the "sure cures" for incurable ailments. Newspaper talk about these instruments is deprecated by *The Electrical World* (New York, June 1), which remarks editorially that "people who bleat in the newspapers about what is going to happen when certain devices are adopted are simply playing into the hands of the enemy." The less said the better. We read:

"The newspaper inventor has been having the time of his life recently, owing to the very unwise chatter of certain worthy gentlemen who ought to know better. The submarine menace is one which is not lightly to be estimated. The campaign against England has been, altho far from decisive, unpleasantly successful, and it is with great gladness that we learn of the active cooperation of a United States squadron in endeavoring to suppress it; but no good is done by premature announcements regarding the great things which Yankee ingenuity is about to do in the way of suppressing the submarines. We have abiding confidence, born of long experience, in the resourcefulness of the American inventor. In this case, however, he has set before him for quick solution by far the most serious task that has ever confronted the engineering profession. . . . . .

"Now, it is only fair to American engineers to state that a number of devices tending to the suppression of submarines have been suggested, investigated, and tried. Some of them are regarded as very promising, well worth prompt experimentation on a considerable scale. Others give little hope of success. . . . This much is certain, that whoever shall possess a thoroughly effective method of fighting submarines will be the last man in the United States to talk about it, for obvious patriotic reasons. People who bleat in the newspapers about what is going to happen when certain devices are adopted are simply playing into the hands of the enemy, the essence of success in all things being that absolute secrecy which leaves the foe without even a hint of impending fate or any knowledge of why submarines do not return save such as may be vouchsafed to him at the end of the war."

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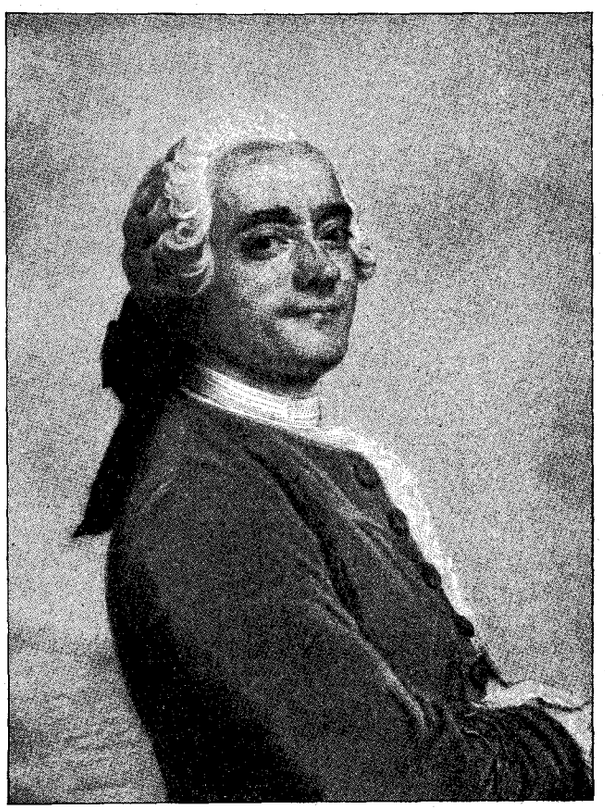
LETTERS - AND - ART

STOLEN ART-TREASURES OF ST. QUENTIN

ST. QUENTIN HAD ITS PRIDE in Maurice de Latour. His pastels, portraits of eighteenth-century celebrities —many of them frail butterflies of a former period of war—were housed in the museum of his native place and contributed to the civic pride of its people. But this plan does not seem to meet the approval of the invading and appropriating



MAURICE QUENTIN DE LATOUR.

The French pastelist of the eighteenth century, whose work has fallen a prey to German acquisitiveness.

German. It is announced that the High Command is rescuing and safeguarding the treasures which have been taken from France "for the purpose of preserving them for art, history, and culture." Preserved they may be from the tornado of shell-fire that the city may soon endure, but such an announcement carries a feeling of dread to the heart of Mr. Charles Whibley, who observes in the London *Daily News* that "when we hear that the experts of the *Boches* are caring solicitously for the masterpieces which have been carried away from 'abandoned and imperiled territories' we can only fear the worst. We have not yet forgotten the care which was lavished upon Louvain." Some reassurance is offered him in respect to de Latour by the Manchester *Guardian*, which reports the announcement by a Munich publisher of the issue of a book of reproductions of the famous pastels. The circular of the publisher is quoted as remarking "pleasantly": "We are bringing the works to light which the ignorant and unresponsive soul of the modern Frenchman had relegated to a small provincial town." This, observes *The Guardian*, is very impressive from the nation which brought the library of Louvain to another sort of light, probably because it also was in a small provincial town. The hypocrisy of the statement is thus uncovered:

"The service they are doing to civilization, however, is not so great as it seems. The French, of course, had never neglected de Latour, and it is the best sort of culture which places the works of a master in the town where he lived, so that the inhabitants can take pride in their city not alone for its material importance, and that visitors may come to see the works of a master in his native environment.

"It happened that a French publisher was preparing a work on de Latour similar in every respect to that now issued by the Munich firm. When the war broke out eighty-nine of the hundred plates had been completed and were ready for the press. It is a remarkable coincidence that the German publication also, I am told, consists of exactly eighty-nine plates. Are they the same plates?"

In a work by Mr. Haldane Macfall, published in 1909, on "The French Pastelists of the Eighteenth Century," we see evidence that France, the inspirer and conserver of art, had not neglected de Latour:

"There hang, in the museum of his native town of St. Quentin, a large number of pastel sketches for portraits by Latour which make this northern French town famous. They are the quick, forceful records of the first impressions left by his sitters upon his alert sense of vision—the vigorous studies for many of his most famous pictures. They used to hang on these walls in the little simple black frames wherein he had set them, which but enhanced their high achievement—the same frames that had held the delicate, fragile things upon the walls of Latour's studio. Reverent hands and hero-worshiping have set these treasures in elaborate and handsome gold frames; therefore one must not defile the temple of his genius with questioning criticisms—and it were vain to do so now. . . . Here may be seen, as the searching eyes of Maurice Quentin de Latour saw them as they lived, many of those who were making fantastic history and gay romance in the France of Louis XV.—from Louis the Well-Beloved himself to the frail beauties of the town, the toasts of lightly sinning Paris.

"France might hunger or thirst, her battalions be battered by shot and grenade and flung back in black defeats, or march on to victories, but Paris had to have her opera through good and evil days; and the beauties of her opera created as fierce enthusiasms as the triumphs by land or sea of such master spirits as loomed in the age. Here at St. Quentin we may see, limned by Latour's deft chalks, the color and form and features of them that thrilled the town, as skilfully wrought as his master hand limned the mighty men of genius of his day. They speak to us as tho they lived again, smiling out of their frames fresh as the maker created them—for 'tis the glory of the colored chalk that its first beauty of color remains. Latour was the skilled character-painter of them all; he stated the age of Louis Quinze as Clouet before him keeps alive the staid beauties and personages of Charles IX.'s day, Holbein the age of bluff King Hal of England. The note of Louis the Well-Beloved's day was charm; amiability was over all; graciousness and pretty manners its breath. The majestic presence, the mythologic pomposity, the severe godlike airs and rigid dignity of Louis XIV.'s years are wholly flown out of France. The women have flung off with a sigh of relief the stiff brocades and august corsets of heroic pomposity; and having learned to step more lightly through the gallant wayfaring of the Regency, they have formed the habit of prettiness; and trifling and airy wit is the speech of their smiling mouths; dainty elegance controls the fashioning of their gowns, and Watteau has taught them graceful forms for their adornment. This affectation of eternal gaiety the artists of the Court caught with rare and pleasant monotony. And such being the very atmosphere that they breathed, Latour's deft sketches of the beauties hold the fragrance of it. But Latour saw too deep, even into superficial souls, to be content with skill of hand in painting their mere fripperies of adornment, their powder and paint and patches and smile—

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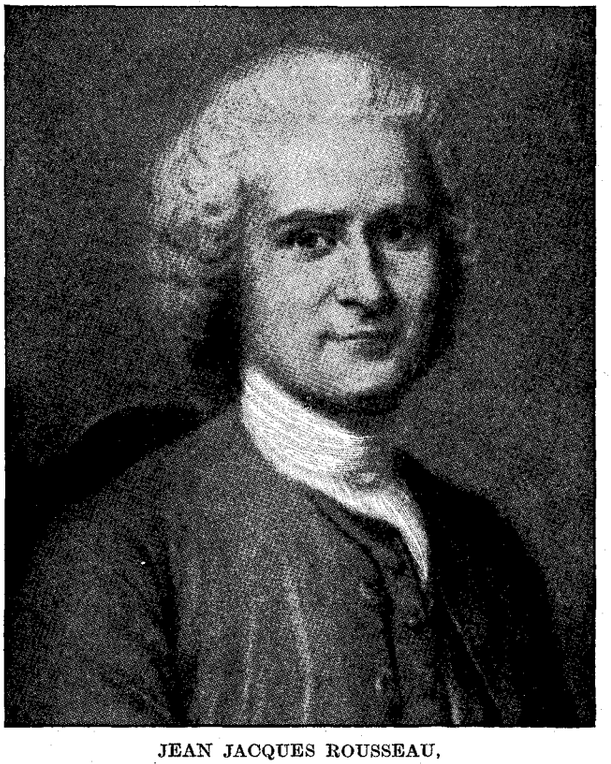
he painted the frippery of their character. Yet his searching ken sees deeper here and there than his frail model thought, and behind the pose of trivial charm we may see a haunting hint of sadness and disillusion even while the lips smile their set smile."

With a vivacious pen Mr. Macfall reviews some of the personalities that are preserved for us in the pastels of St. Quentin, these vivid records now in temporary exile:

"Here we may look upon the faces of such as were the toasts among the bloods and dandies who frequented the theater as tho they lived to-day: Mademoiselle Clairon; Mademoiselle Dangeville; the famous actress, Madame Favart, who fired the heart of the great Maréchal Saxe; Mademoiselle Silvia; the celebrated dancer, Mademoiselle Camargo—of whom more anon—who defied the slanderous tongue of romance and came through the hothouse air of the dancing-woman's life unspotted; her dancing father, of the noble blood of Italy, Cupis, is also there, as are the delicate blossomlike features of the pretty dancer, Mademoiselle Puvigny (Puvigné), of the opera, who was the rage of Paris, like most of these; Mademoiselle le Maure also, and Mademoiselle Arnauld—their dancing and their singing done. And of the players who amused the town, Jean Monet, Tommaso Vizentini, the harlequin, and Manelli, whose very pictured being sets the eyes laughing—these men are there also, among the dainty women. But, above all, there haunts one a beautiful face that smiles out upon us, the long, oval face of the singer, Marie Fel, who was not only the rage of Paris, but who was at last to turn Latour's gadding love into a long romance, keeping it from the time she came into his life to the end of his days. When she joined her life to him, and became his mistress, can but be guessed at; but she won him body and soul. She burst upon the town in Latour's thirtieth year, a beautiful girl of twenty-one. She must very early have come into his life, as the winsome sketch of her abundantly proves. But Mademoiselle Fel we shall meet again. Of the large genial features of the smiling Boëte de Saint-Leger we know little more than this presentment of Latour's skill reveals to us, except that she lived to hear of the horrors of the Revolution, for she was living hard by St. Quentin in the February of 1793, the awful year of the Terror.



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

The philosopher whose doctrines precipitated the French Revolution, whose portrait is now in the hands of France's enemy.

"And those several handsome faces of the Unknown—who were they? There are faces there of such whose strut was not in the limelight of popular favor, their names lost in a more honorable neglect, whose lives were passed in less dangerous privacy, and of whom we would gladly know more. They compel us to wonder who they were, these silent Unknowns, with

MARIE FEL,

A singer of Paris, who became a favorite of the artist and lived through the days of the Terror. The portrait, like the others, was removed from the museum of St. Quentin by the invaders.

their so different wistful airs—some smiling and gay and bright, distinguished of manner; some tender; some mischievous; all live again, whether beauties of the theater, women of the Court, whether aristocrat or of the burgess class of this Paris of the mid-seventeen-hundreds. What tragedy or comedy was theirs? How did they live their little day?—whether they lived a giddy life or knew little of romance, all record of them is gone, even tho they lived little more than a hundred years ago—their place and all they did, vanished into oblivion. Yet they look a goodly company of bright and witty ladies."

MORE SOBER SUMMER READING—If we are not yet in the full stride of war, every sign indicates that we are verging that way. And one of these, thinks the New York *Sun*, is the choice of summer reading. In order that posterity may better understand its ancestors, it thinks that "record should be made of the fact that in this season of serious living Americans are reading seriously." And this "conclusion is fairly to be drawn from the advertisements of book publishers in the newspapers and magazines":

"You take up a publication of daily, weekly, or monthly appearance, and your eye falls upon an attractive head-line. 'Books for Summer Reading.' You glance over the titles, expecting to say, 'How can people read such stuff at such a time?' and instead of finding a catalog of unsubstantial romances, you run through a list of books about the world as it was, as it is, and as different people think it is going to be after the war; and about the next world. Books on better living, on food, health, patriotism. Even the fiction promises by title (or puff) illumination of problems that beset the earnest mind.

"Not that the production of ephemera has quite ceased. The light stuff continues to run off the presses. But it is not predominant. The nation is sober and alert, and it seeks in the printed page illumination and inspiration and courage."

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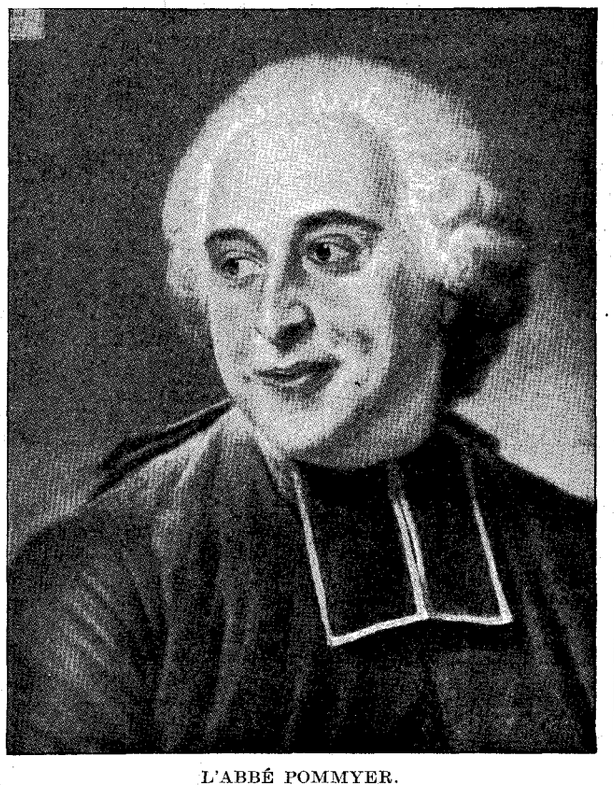
PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE PRESENT WAR

"TO PUT OUT THE ENEMY'S EYES" is the slogan upon which the demand for our aerial fleet is organized. When the history of the camera in the present war is studied testimony is gathered to support the demand for the great air-fleet. Preponderance in our aerial service keeps the enemy on his own side of the line; hence he can not observe our positions; while we, flying over his terrane, can see with the camera's eye, and so help the guns to find his gun-emplacements. "When Thomas Wedgwood was preparing his famous account of 'a method of copying paintings upon glass and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver,'" says a writer in the London *Daily Telegraph*, "neither he, as the pioneer, nor Humphry Davy, as his observant friend, could have had any glimmering of the future development of the art of photography in its bearing on warfare." Wedgwood's experiments were made known to the world thirteen years before Waterloo, it is pointed out; and the faithful records now being made at almost all fronts only fail in that they make us realize how much we have lost in not having the camera's service for that earlier world-shaking event. We read herewith what branches of military service are now supplanted by photography:



L'ABBÉ POMMYER.

One of Latour's pastels, which "speak to us as though they lived again, smiling out of their frames, fresh as their maker created them."

"Until this war opened, the staff of an army in preparing for an offensive had to depend on such verbal or written information as secret agents could supply. Their embarrassment was absence of knowledge of what was occurring the other side of the 'curtain of war'—how many troops were massed, how they were disposed, what defenses had been improvised. When Mr. Bloch, in the early years of this century, foretold that warfare would become a matter of entrenchments, he gave no hint that photography would lend its aid in the use of modern long-range artillery, crushing under a hurricane of explosives carefully arranged positions. As recently as the South-African War, who had any appreciation that it would be possible to secure actual pictorial representations of any point of attack so as the better to direct the guns? Events have moved so rapidly that now one of the greatest contributions made by our daring airmen consists in photographs taken of the actual terrane when the troops are about to attack. This process of survey is in progress day by day; the enemy no sooner reaches the conclusion that he has completed in secrecy a good position than an aerial photographer, guarded as he works by fighting-machines, soars over him, obtaining a record to be immediately placed at the disposal of the staff. This new form of reconnaissance, pursued by no army more successfully than our own, represents an entirely new departure."

A recent example in the *Figaro* (Paris) of June 6 shows how photography played the part of the special correspondent on the coast of Belgium:

"The photographs, taken from above Ostend, show that after the bombardment by our ships the great part of the workshops and dock was either completely destroyed or seriously damaged. The entrance to the docks in the Ware basin, the submarine shelters, and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers under repair were badly damaged. It appears that several ships were sunk."

The photographs are not only of present value "in the actual saving of precious lives on our side, while exposing the enemy to the most effective bombardment," but they will constitute "a permanent record to which the historian will turn to verify his conclusions." Thus we read on in the London daily:

"'Why did that battle develop in so unusual a way?' 'Why should that offensive have failed?' That is the kind of question to which the aerial photographs, pieced together to form a continuous panorama of this or that portion of the line, may supply answers. In the years to come these pictures will be analyzed with microscopic care in order to extract from them the truth. But that is not all. The camera is, of course, at work on the ground as well as in the air. At the moment of attack the plucky army photographer takes his place in the front trench, however heavy the shell-fire. These men are without the stimulus of actual fighting; in cold blood they have to carry their cameras through much the same dangers as are faced by the assaulting troops.

"Such auxiliary agents of the Army, exhibiting fine courage and *sang-froid* comparable with that shown by their colleagues of the air-service, are making themselves the creditors of posterity. Thousands of pictures, records of actual combat, have already been taken by the Allies; they will constitute a permanent representation for those who come after us of the manner in which this conflict was fought. What would we not give to-day for photographs showing Wellington directing his troops at Waterloo or revealing Nelson in the hour of his glory, when from the *Victory* he watched in admiration that 'noble fellow Collingwood' carry his ship into action! Later generations will be more fortunate than we have been. They will be in the position to study the features of this sector or that which British guns have pounded, and over which British troops have afterward swept irresistibly; they will have photographs revealing how battles by sea developed from the moment of first sighting the enemy until the fierce duel of the artillery at closer range raised waterspouts on the face of the waters.

"There is one point, however, which suggests itself amid such reflections: Will there ever be a completed history of this war of the nations describing in detail, pictorially and in written story, the movement of events either by sea or by land? The task, if it be undertaken in order to show what happened in the various theaters of war, will probably form the biggest book ever published. Kinglake filled nine closely printed volumes with the exploits of the little British Army in the Crimea. In the present struggle the combatants are counted by the million. Practically the whole of the perimeter of the European Continent has been drenched in blood, and there are other more distant scenes of conflict; all the world's seas have known what the clash of arms means. It may be that in years to come our descendants will turn rather to the photographic records than to the printed word for a realization of the way in which men fought in the Great War."

By the same token they are turning to-day to read the record of current events not only in the newspapers, but on the "movie" screen. Most of the great fighting figures have moved to the life in the real theater of the war; and as if this were not enough, great figures of the contemporary stage, like Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, are to be seen enacting the harrowing story of war in trench and hospital.

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE RED-CROSS DRIVE

OVERSUBSCRIPTION is the outcome of the Red-Cross drive as well as that of the Liberty Loan. But the hundred million asked for is only the beginning of what the Red Cross will need. On the morning of June 27, Washington reported pledges to the extent of $114,000,000. Cities have set up a rivalry, and their relative positions will be hard to calculate, since the fund is ever increasing. On Tuesday morning the New York *Times's* report admitted that "this big old city, with its 5,000,000 people and its untold wealth, lagged," somewhat behind its $40,000,000 allotment. But—

"More than 1,000 of the larger cities raised more than their allotments. Among the States which exceeded their quotas were Delaware, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York (outside New York City), Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Maine, New Hampshire, Maryland, New Jersey, and West Virginia. All sections of the country passed their goals, with the possible exception of the South."

In New York's business houses clubs of employees were made up to give in a lump sum. We read in *The Sun* that—

"The employees of the Bankers' Trust Company gave $1,000, those of the Union Trust Company, $309, and the clerks and other attachés of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., $2,156. Each of the 235 employees of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company has contributed.

"Seven hundred and sixty dollars, representing the holiday pay which the Equitable Trust Company expects to give its employees for the Fourth of July, formed one contribution. Scrub-women, elevator operators, porters, house mechanics, and engineers each had a part in the gift. Two scrub-women insisted upon contributing their wages for an entire week. The husband and two brothers of one of them are at the front. An Italian woman gave half her week's pay.

"Employees of Lord & Taylor gave $857. In addition to the day's pay which the employees of the Wanamaker store already have given, they decided yesterday to contribute the extra day's wages which they are to receive for Independence Day. A check for $25,000, representing the two days' pay, was turned over to the executive committee yesterday. The employees of the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia will give an equal amount."

Other more picturesque reports are here tabulated:

"Miss Valeska Suratt, a film actress, set a good example to other movie stars by offering one week's salary, $1,500.

"The smallest contribution of the entire week, but one which was as thankfully received as any other, came from a messenger boy who handed three pennies to a collector in a hotel lobby with an apology because he could afford no more.

"Angelo Accornero, a young Italian of Jamaica, L. I., entered Woman Suffrage headquarters at 407 Lexington Avenue last night and asked for the contribution-box. He deposited $40 in nickels, dimes, and quarters, explaining that it came from 'the gang' at work on a construction job at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street.

"The nurses of the Metropolitan Hospital training-school on Blackwell's Island sent $95 with a letter saying that more was to follow. The Traffic Club, of New York, in addition to cash contributions already made, will send an ambulance to France.

"The Catholic churches of the city gave $12,415 and the Episcopal churches $1,657. The donation of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church was $1,105.

"A thousand women took part in the stationary parade in Fifth Avenue yesterday afternoon. Standing at intervals of ten feet the line stretched from Twenty-ninth to Fifty-ninth Streets. Altho announcement was made that they were not soliciting funds, contributions ranging from $1 to $20 were forced upon them and nearly $2,000 collected.

"The New York State Undertakers' Association, at its meeting in Albany, voted to give the Red Cross Society an ambulance for use in France. The project was fathered by Mr. Palmer, of Albany, and Frank E. Campbell, of this city.

"More money will come to the fund next week. The American Sunday-school Association, comprising 20,000 Sunday-schools, will observe 'Patriotic Sunday,' devoting their entire collections to the Red Cross."

The New York *Tribune* offers a definition:

"The American Red Cross is not an impersonal abstraction. It is your Red Cross. It is exactly what we Americans in our generosity choose to make it. It is nothing more than the collective tenderness of the nation efficiently organized to give our soldiers and sailors the protection of human skill and science."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

IT SEEMS INEVITABLE that the war will bring us conscientious objectors—not a few. Their voice has already been raised, and the exemption boards will hear many protests. A communication in *The New Republic*, signed by men of this type and "their champions," objects to "the inhuman device of forcing all manner of men into the narrowly specific kind of devotion for which so many of them are hopelessly unfit." While admitting that some men are best adapted by training and temperament to "the performance of physical acts of heroism," others, the communication declares, "shine in deeds of moral bravery." The basic principle upon which this latter class rest their opposition to war is here stated:

"The one ineradicable fact which no amount of official intimidation can pulverize out of existence is that there is a type of man to whom (military) participation in war is tantamount to committing murder. He can not, he will not, commit murder. There is no human power on God's earth that can coerce him into committing (what he knows to be) the act of murder. You may call him sentimentalist, fool, slacker, mollycoddle, woman—anything 'disreputable' you please. But there he is, a tremendous fact. Shall he be maltreated for his scruples? Or shall he be respected (as his deriders are) for his conscientiousness? We can not leave so momentous an issue to chance or to the cold machinery of administration. Men of sensitive insight must help prepare a social setting within America sufficiently hospitable to all conscientious objectors."

The particular social value claimed by these non-participants is their fitness for "the tremendous enterprise of recreating out of bloody chaos some new, reinspired internationalism." Who, they ask, "is better fitted for that reconstructive task than those humanists now in imminent danger of being bullied out of existence because their visions and their faiths extend beyond the time of bloody chaos?" That these may not be mistaken in the varied world of social classes, the signers, who bear among others the names of Keller, Schmalhausen, Lapolla, Barasch, Mufson, Parelhoff, Raubichek, and Schneer, offer this selection:

"Humanitarians, workers in the social service, child-welfare devotees, Tolstoyans, radical educators—these constitute the vanguard of a revised and spiritually humanized world state. If civilization were to plan the utter wreckage of its most precious (because most consecrated) values, it could do no better than empower the mechanized state with the authority to brutalize and degrade all its visionaries."

In a subsequent number of the same journal, Mr. Arthur J. Lovejoy writes to inquire if the position of the conscientious objector is ethically defensible. He refers especially to the contention that the conscientious objector is "the type of man to whom (military) participation in war is tantamount to committing murder" and who therefore can not be coerced "by any

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SOME ENGLISH CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

They are put to some work of "national importance," mainly cultivating the land. By the arguments of their American brothers, quoted in this article, it is to these that England will look for the "moral reconstruction" of the nation after the war.

human power on God's earth" into such participation. Mr. Lovejoy subjoins:

"There is implicit in this doctrine a generalization which to many of us seems either very strange ethics or else very strange history—the generalization, namely, that there never has been at stake, and never will be, any human good sufficiently important to be worth fighting for. Your thesis means, for example, that it would have been better that religious liberty should never have been attained. For, as we very well know, it was attained and (in some countries) kept only because, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were men in the Netherlands, in England, in France, and in Germany who were ready to kill, and upon occasion did kill, other men who sought to deprive them of that liberty. If the friends of freedom of thought, in the circumstances of that time, had followed your principles the history of all Europe for the past three hundred years would in all probability have been much like the history of Spain. For the enemies of freedom are seldom troubled by your scruples. Your thesis, again, means that it would have been better if the Ottoman Turks—whose record in the Balkan Peninsula we know—had set up their empire over the whole of southeastern Europe. For they were prevented from doing so only by that long fight which was kept up with fluctuating fortunes for more than two centuries by Hungary, Austria, Poland, and Venice. Your thesis means, finally, that it would have been better if the American Republic had never been established. For it was established and could have been established only at the cost of what you are pleased to call 'murders' committed by the 'embattled farmers' at Concord (whose praises were sung by that 'Ralph Emerson' whom you so oddly admit to your pantheon) and by Washington and his followers on a hundred battle-fields. To the rest of us, then, as we consider your position in the light of history, you seem persons whose sense of moral and social values has been perverted by an obsession."

One good appears so precious that to keep it the conscientious objector "would sacrifice everything else that makes up the fabric of civilization." This, to men of Mr. Lovejoy's position, seems like "playing an unpleasantly parasitic part in the history of human progress." He brings home this further unpleasant truth:

"It is upon other men's blood that you live, in so far as any of those values which others have fought for, or are now fighting for, are dear to you also. The freedom, the security, perhaps even the lasting peace based upon a reign of justice and law, which your sons, as we all hope, will enjoy, other men's sons have died, or will yet die, to win. Can you, after all, feel surprize when the fathers of those dead sons look upon you and your sons with something less than admiration or liking?"

Sympathy for the position of the conscientious objector is not increased, in Mr. Lovejoy's view, by the "tone of assured and condescending moral superiority" in the pleaders:

"The assumption of such superiority is expressly made one of the premises of the argument which is to persuade the rest of us to favor your exemption from military duties. You, it is urged, are at all costs to be kept safe, like queen bees in the hive, because you constitute an elect class of 'humanists,' of 'visionaries,' who alone are capable of the 'reconstructive task' of 'recreating out of bloody chaos some new, reinspired internationalism.' For this high duty of the future, it seems, those who serve in the war will be disqualified, because 'brutalized' and 'degraded' through that service."

The English press is just now presenting the problems of the situation created by the conscientious objector in England, where his numbers are not small. *The Christian Commonwealth* (London) finds "the thought of the men who lie in prison for conscience' sake is not a pleasant one."

"Tribunals generally interpreted the provision in the Military Service Act to mean that they could grant exemption to men who were willing to undertake work of national importance under the Home-Office scheme, but those who refused to accept this alternative have been handed over to the military authorities. They have refused to obey orders, have been court-martialed, and have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Upon their release they have been sent back to camp, have again refused to obey orders, have again been court-martialed, and returned to prison for a further term. This procedure has been repeated in the case of many men on three or four occasions. The Secretary for War, replying to Lord Parmoor, last week, expressly justified it, declaring that the men must do work of national importance or go to prison. Lord Parmoor insisted that the procedure means that men undergo successive terms of imprisonment for the same offense. It has been an established principle of our jurisprudence that a man must not be punished twice for the same offense. Lord Derby argued that conscientious objectors are not punished more than once for the same offense, but for offenses of the same character. This quibble would not impose upon an intelligent Hottentot, for it means that the authorities could continue to play cat-and-mouse with these recusants, as they did with the militant suffragists, until they die in prison. The punishment for having a conscience on these terms is a sentence of life imprisonment, diversified by courts martial. There would be no problem if the tribunals interpreted the conscience clause in its plain sense, and gave these men absolute exemption. Their failure to do this leaves the Government under the obligation to release these men when they have served their first sentence, or to discharge them from the Army and allow them to return to civil life. Many of them are educated, public-spirited men, whose abilities are simply being wasted, and who would do good work at a time when every ounce of effort is needed, if they were allowed to do it without being compelled to submit to conditions which their consciences will not suffer them to accept."

The Morning Post (London) finds much less sympathy for the other class of the "objectors" who escape the repeated prison sentence by accepting the alternative of work of national importance. What exactly, it asks, is the conscientious objector? And it answers:

"As a rule (to be quite plain) he is a fraud and a traitor to

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his country. There are a few—only a few—exceptions. These consist of men who honestly believe it to be their duty to refrain from the shedding of blood in any circumstances whatever. Such men are prepared to go to the stake for their convictions; and therefore they suffer gladly the mild form of martyrdom by which the state marks its disapproval of those who refuse to take their part in the fray when the community is fighting for its life; and with that we may dismiss them from consideration, trusting that they may come to a better mind. These zealots, however, are not the conscientious objectors who have made themselves notorious; who refuse to obey orders; who are contumacious, disorderly, idle, and seditious; and who, as it was recently revealed in the House of Commons, are the pets of the Home Office. At the Princetown Work Center there were at Easter employed on 'reclamation work' 856 conscientious objectors, under the Home Office. These proud spirits came to Princetown by way of the Army. Having been refused exemption, they were sent into the Army, where, having declined to obey orders—having, in other words, mutinied—they went to prison; whence, having kindly consented to perform civil work, they were transplanted to Princetown. Their position, like their opinions, is unique. They are classed as Army Reserve W; they are still subject to army discipline, but are lent to the Home Office for employment by that Department. If the Home Office can not manage Army Reserve W they are returned to the Army, which then deals with them as it thinks proper."

After this editorial expression a calmer and more compact statement of their status appears in another column:

"The so-called conscientious objectors of whom I write are all men who have been liberated from sentences of imprisonment under what is known as the Home-Office scheme. They are in camp, where rations are found for them free, and on a scale which many of our soldiers in training would be glad to command. In addition, they receive pay at the rate of 8*d*. a day, and enjoy an almost complete freedom from discipline. They work so much at their ease that it is doubtful whether any one of them earns more than 2*d*. a day. Men who profess such sensitive consciences would, it might be supposed, carry their conscience into their work. So far from that being the case, these men exert themselves only to shirk and evade their work, as they have shirked and evaded their military duty. As workers they are worthless. Those who have most to do with them express the opinion that there are not more than half a dozen really conscientious objectors among them, and that the rest are mere 'fight-shys' and poltroons.

"The worst feature of the case is that the authorities go out of their way to heap privileges and immunities on these creatures. They are not only allowed to do as they like pretty well, save for the fact that they are required to live in camp; but they get leave, with their railway fares paid for them; and if there is anything they lack they have only to write to the Committee set up to look after conscientious objectors, and they get what they want as a matter of course. It would be well if the public were allowed to know the names of the members of this Committee.

"Close beside this camp of conscientious objectors there is a great training-camp for troops. Imagine what are the feelings of the men who are undergoing all the rigors of military discipline when they see the privileges and immunities enjoyed by those whose only claim to consideration is their refusal of their duty to the nation. All the kicks for the soldiers; all the ha'pence for the conscientious objectors. If the authorities desired to discourage military service and to encourage the refusal of it they could not act very differently from the way they are acting."

"YOU CAN'T CATCH ME."

This is one of the English group of "conscientious shirkers," so called by *The Daily Mail*, who are concentrated at Dartmoor and are said to have "incensed the people of Devon by their airs of self-congratulation."

"CHRISTUS" IN THE BATTLE-LINE

ANTON LANG, twice the *Christus* of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, has "found his Gethsemane," says a Copenhagen dispatch to the New York *Tribune*. "Despite his unique position of almost monastic isolation he has finally been called to the colors." His name has been mentioned in dispatches earlier in the war as taking a part in the struggle, but these reports have been later contradicted. This one appears on the authority of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, whose news is dated Augsburg, Bavaria. The Copenhagen journalist adds:

"Herr Lang has hitherto seen no service, tho it was several times reported that he was killed in the war. There were rumors that he was serving with a ski corps in the Vosges, and that he had lost his life fighting in the Champagne. But while he is only forty-two, and many men past his age labored with the *Landwehr* in the trenches, the military authorities let Lang be.

"At first the war did not much move Ober-Ammergau, remote as the little village has always been from the things of this world and wrapt up in its great religious festival, celebrated with scarce an interruption since the twelfth century. In the beginning Lang continued his trade as a cotter, or builder of the tile ovens, which are part of every Bavarian peasant's home.

"But gradually a cloud of sadness gathered over the village. There were partings—young men leaving for the front, and, by and by, men not so young. Then came the news of death to several cottages and the return of cripples. But the call for *Kanonen-futter* [cannon-fodder] kept up, and finally some of the Passion-Players were taken—among others, he who had played *John the Baptist*, and lifted the waters of the Ammer upon the head of *Christus*.

"The cloud of sadness settled upon the village. It became hard even to live. The peasants, never prosperous, found even eating a luxury. No one wanted tile ovens any more. Lang found his trade gone. He made use of his early talent for wood-carving, and got work outside the village in a neighboring furniture-factory, returning every evening to his wife, who was Mathilde Rutz, once the *Madonna* of the summer spectacle.

"Those who have visited Ober-Ammergau lately say it is like a haunted town, struggling to survive on its memories of the past. They say there will never be a Passion Play again, that the spirit of it is lacking as well as the cast. Of all those who made it famous, Lang was almost the only one remaining. And he, harassed, deprest, and lonely, was still nursing his dream of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land after peace had returned.

"Instead, he has been called to the colors."

THE NEW YORK "TRAIL-HITTERS"—Croakers are silenced by the Rev. Dr. E. S. Halloway, chairman of the committee in charge of the list of the Billy Sunday trail-hitters. He has recently given out through the New York *Tribune* that a "high percentage" of the trail-hitters have signified their desire to unite permanently with churches. One of the surprizes of the campaign is the number of Catholics who will accrue to that branch of the city's churches. Dr. Halloway's words are borne out by William B. Millar, secretary of the same committee. They are thus reported:

"Both said thousands of Sunday converts gave the Roman Catholic as the faith preferred. These names are being turned over to Catholic authorities, who have exprest their gratitude.

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Six thousand names are yet to be canvassed. Work also has been begun on those who gave out-of-town addresses.

"Some difficulty has been experienced, Dr. Halloway admitted, in locating trail-hitters. Some have joined the Army or Navy, others were found to be already church members, but 'back-sliders.' The return of these to the fold, he said, is one of the marked successes of the Sunday revival."

HOW TO PRAY IN WAR-TIME

IN PROTEST against a "wide-spread propaganda of foreboding and darkness and wo," which may rest on motives patriotic enough, Christians are reminded that it is quite possible for them "to escape distraction, hysteria, dread of the future, and all harassing anxiety." Indeed, continues *The Watchman-Examiner* (New York), they may have "the peace that passeth all understanding," which comes "to those who understand the secret and sweetness of prevailing prayer." But how, it may be asked, "shall we pray in war-time that our prayers may be within the will of God, and that we may have the peace of God which passeth all understanding?" The answer is that "our prayers must be prayers of confession, thanksgiving, petition, and submission." And the Baptist editor explains:

"There must be much of confession in our prayer in these war-days, for humiliation is a part of prayer. All the warring nations, our own included, have many sins upon which the judgment of God must rest. Let us not, as a nation, be pharisaical in spirit. Let us confess our own sins and not the sins of others. When we go to God in prayer let us remember our personal sins, which are many and grievous; and our domestic and social sins, which in many quarters threaten the sanctity of the home. Let us remember also our commercial sins, our political sins, and our national sins. Many of our great fortunes have been built up upon injustice and tyranny. Many of our political leaders have sought the halls of legislation with a view to the hauls of spoliation, and throughout the nation there is a mighty battle being waged between Jehovah, the true God, and Moloch, Mammon, Baal, and Bacchus. Let us confess and forsake our sins, for we are far from a perfect people.

"In our war-time prayers there is room for much of thanksgiving. An Old Testament saint said: 'I will bless the Lord at all times,' and a New Testament saint said: 'In everything give thanks.'

"Let us thank God for our years of prosperity and peace. The present generation knows nothing of the terrors and sacrifices and sufferings of war. Excepting our brief war with Spain, which caused no national sacrifice, our peace and prosperity have been uninterrupted for fifty-two long years.

"Let us thank God for the unity of our nation. The ends of the earth have been poured in upon us, and in these days we are proving that America is really a great melting-pot. From every nation under the sun our citizens have come. The registration of June 5 proves that our nation is a great solidarity and that our people are dwelling together in a unity that passes all understanding. The war into which we have entered will bring to the surface the flotsam and jetsam of our national life and enable us to eradicate, in a wholesome way, our few inharmonious elements.

"We may well thank God for our hatred of war, for tho we have entered war there is no attempt upon the part of our people to glorify war. There is no danger of the militaristic spirit possessing our people, for we have turned to war only as a terrible necessity. Let us thank God for the millions of young men who, hating war, are willing to go to war for their country's sake.

"Above all, let us thank God in these passing days that we have been saved from, and are being saved from, the frenzy of malignant hatred. Speak to the first fifty men that you meet on the street, and you will find that every one of them is loyal to America, and not one of them has malicious or vindictive hatred in his heart for Germany. We may well thank God that in the attempt to serve and save our country we are not losing our souls nor our higher Christian ideals.

"In our war-time prayers there must be much of petition and even of importunity. We must pray definitely and earnestly that God will give speedy victory to our Army and Navy. If we did not believe that we were fighting for a righteous cause we would not be fighting at all. If we are at all justified in being at war, we have a perfect right to pray God's blessing upon those who are fighting our battles on land and sea. Let us pray that the soldiers and sailors of all the nations shall be prepared to meet their God when death shall come to them, for beyond all doubt many of them will be hurried into eternity. Let us pray for the homes and hearts made desolate by the terrors of this war. Let us pray for the German nation, because the Book that we love and the principles of which we try to follow teach us that we are 'to love our enemies' and that we are "to pray for them that despitefully use us.' Let us pray that Christian faith shall not fail and Christian hope shall not grow dim. There are mysteries about this war that no man can solve, but God is still on his throne, and God still reigns.

"Let us pray that our Christian activities at home and abroad shall be increased rather than decreased. There are a hundred new and incessant calls ringing in our ears to-day. In the purchase of Government securities and in the payment of increased taxes, the Government must be supported. The Red Cross, which will care for the sick and the wounded, must be liberally supplied with funds; the Young Men's Christian Association and other agencies, which will seek to safeguard the morals of soldiers and sailors, must be generously upheld. In spite of all this, the need has never been so great and never so urgent that our distinctive Christian work at home and abroad should go forward with larger enthusiasm and greater undertakings. Let us pray that God will put into the hearts of his children to support as never before the manifold activities which are looking to the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth.

"In these war-days there must be much of submission in our prayers. Recall that terrible night in Gethsemane when Jesus said: 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' There are many bitter cups that are being drunk the world around to-day. It is not pessimism nor foolish foreboding to say that these cups are being mixed this hour for our American people. There are multitudes of us who would rather die than send our sons to die on the bloody fields of France and Belgium. On the other hand, we should never forget that we live in America in peace and plenty to-day, because brave men in the long ago won our freedom by the sacrifice of their lives. Every stone in the monument of our national greatness was quarried and hewn and polished by the devotion and sacrifice of our fathers. Let us pray that God will give us the courage during these coming days to drink the cup which may be preparing for us."

"HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?"

PERHAPS that is the very commonest of after-church questions—and, one might think, the most innocent. But it is denounced as a "demon" by *The Epworth Outlook*, organ of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Churches in Cleveland, and as a question which injures the asker and debauches the one who answers. The observations of this parish paper are passed on to a large circle of readers by *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), which thus quotes the condemnation of this "careless and indiscriminating habit of sermon-hearers":

"Asking that question has become a habit which it will probably take centuries to eradicate. It is a demon which can be cast out only by prayer and fasting. No wonder spiritual results of preaching are so meager. What can be expected from preaching unless laymen realize that they are to follow up the work of persuasion by driving home the word set forth by the preacher? Sermons are not toys to be played with, or pretty pieces of rhetoric on which every member of the congregation is expected to pass judgment. A sermon is not an exquisite bit of literary bric-à-brac to be chattered over and judged by the technical rules of art. It is not a dumpling into which every self-constituted critic is invited to stick his fork that he may praise or condemn the cook. A sermon is a solemn warning, a bugle-call to duty, a burning condemnation, an earnest stroke against a giant wrong, an exhortation to high endeavor, the illumination of a majestic truth. Sermons are preached, not to be liked, but to be accepted and lived. Suppose, pray, you did not like the sermon! What of it? The preachers in the New Testament were not anxious that their sermons should be liked.

"Never ask that insipid question, 'How did you like the sermon?' Such a question injures the one who asks it, and debauches the person who answers. It trains men to measure sermons by false standards, and to seek for entertainment rather than for truth."

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CURRENT - POETRY

ONE poet whose talent has been considerably strengthened by the war is Patrick MacGill, whose "Children of the Dead End" and "Songs of the Dead End" were published some years ago. His early work was of the sort called realistic; it was morbid, pessimistic, and imitative. He is now on active service, and spends his rare moments of leisure in writing verse strikingly different in theme and in spirit from that formerly associated with his name. His new book, "Soldier Songs" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is noteworthy for its hearty rhythm, its sturdy originality of phrasing, and for the courageous spirit which permeates it. By a strange paradox, this poet has found in battle the sanity of outlook not noticeable in the work he wrote in times of peace. One of the most significant poems in the book follows:

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

BY PATRICK MACGILL

Givenchy village lies a wreck, Givenchy Church is bare,
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.
The altar-rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er,
The sacred, broken sanctuary-lamp lies smashed upon the floor;
And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all—
The great white Christ, the shrapnel-scourged, upon the eastern wall.

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls, and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;
The trenches running line by line through meadow fields of green,
The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between;
Around Givenchy's ruined church the levels, poppy-red,
Are set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry-go, with danger keeping tryst,
I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ
Defiled and maimed, the merciful on vigil all the time,
Pitying his children's wrath, their passion, and their crime.
Mute, mute He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,
And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—
There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call,
"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm. O Lord, forgive us all."

There is much that is quaint and attractive in Scudder Middleton's dainty volume "Streets and Faces" (The Little Book Publisher). These lines show this young poet's power of putting his generous enthusiasm and generous indignation into graceful and effective verse.

RICHARD MIDDLETON AND A CERTAIN CRITIC

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

Speak not his name, he can not hear your voice,
For long ago he put you out of mind—
You and your shouting world were not his choice,
Having a dream to follow and to find.
Must he be judged, then let it be by one
Faithful to Beauty in his soul's distress,
Who in that silence when the song is done
Has felt the pain of mortal loveliness.

Ah no! He keeps no shame nor dark regrets
Where now he calmly goes, his music sung—
Only a memory of violets
Beneath the feet of the beloved young.

The London *Poetry Review* continues to print poetry of high quality, maintaining its position, established when Stephen Phillips was its editor, as the leading poetry magazine of the world. Nowadays most of its poems are about the war and by soldiers. An exception is this lovely sonnet in the current issue. Mr. Maynard has been doing some excellent writing recently and should before long be represented by a volume of poetry more considerable than the pamphlet noted in these columns some months ago.

SILENCE

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

Tho I should deck you with my jeweled rime,
And spread my songs a carpet at your feet,
Where men may see, unchanged through changing time,
Your face a pattern in sad songs and sweet;
Tho I should blow your honor through the earth,
Or touch your gentleness on gentle strings,
Or sing abroad your beauty and your worth—
Dear love, yet these were all imperfect things.

Rather in lovely silence will I keep
The heart's short song no words of mine may mar,
No words of mine enrich. The ways of sleep,
And pain, and prayer; all things that lonely are;
All humble things that worship and rejoice
Shall weave a spell of silence for my voice.

We take these charming lyrics from a recent issue of *The Forum*. "The First Bluebirds" and "Our First Families" are delightful whimsies, and in "The Thracian Stone" there is a joyous spirit most salutary in these war-shadowed days.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

The poor earth was so winter-marred,
Harried by storm so long,
It seemed no spring could mend her,
No tardy sunshine render
Atonement for such wrong.
Snow after snow, and gale and hail,
Gaunt trees encased in icy mail,
The glittering drifts so hard
They took no trace
Of scared, wild feet,
No print of fox and hare
Driven by dearth
To forage for their meat,
Even in dooryard bare
And frosty lawn
Under the peril of the human race;
And then one primrose dawn,
Sweet, sweet, O sweet,
And tender, tender,
The bluebirds woke the happy earth
With song!

OUR FIRST FAMILIES

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Sweet are the manners of the wood,
Our only old society,
Where all the folk are glad and good
In unrebuked variety.
Within this gentle commonweal,
No envy falls with fairy gold
On jewelweed and Solomon's-seal,
Moth-mullen and marsh-marigold.

No rubied vines despise the lot
Of ragged neighbors; whether moss
Be flat or tufted matters not,
Pale peat or glittering feather-moss.

The common milkweed holds estates
And wears his purple royalty;
The bluets keep their ancient traits
With quiet Quaker loyalty.

These families of long descent,
Our tutors in amenities,
Have pedigrees of such extent
They well may share serenities.

Ere first the hollow Catacombs
Thrilled to a Christian litany
There bloomed beside the redmen's homes
Spicebush and fragrant dittany.

This rock's huge shadow rested on
Gentian and nodding trillium
Before the rise of Babylon,
Before the fall of Ilium!

THE THRACIAN STONE

"The faieries gave him the propertie of the Thracian stone: for who toucheth it is exempted from griefe."

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

The fairies to his cradle came to play their fairy part,
Their footsteps like the laughter of a leaf;
They touched him with the Thracian stone that setteth free the heart—
O dream-enchanted, singing heart!—forever free from grief.

The wind it could not blow a way that failed to please him well;
Beyond the rain he saw the March skies blue,
With hope of April violets; he cast his fairy spell
Over our flawed and tarnished world, creating all things new.

He bore the burden of his day, the burden and the heat,
As blithely as a sea-gull breasts the gale,
Glorying that God should trust his strength. The color of ripe wheat
Was on his life when it was flung beneath pain's threshing-flail.

He fronted that grim challenge like some resplendent knight
Who rides against foul foes of fen and wood;
With ringing song of onset, his spirit, hero-bright,
Went tilting with a sunbeam against the dragon brood.

Then dusky shapes stole on him, Queen of the Quaking Isle,
Queens of the Land of Longing and the Waste;
He bowed him to their bidding with a secret in his smile;
He quaffed their bitter cups that left ambrosia on the taste.

Last came the King of Terrors, and lo! his iron crown
Had twinkled to a silver fairy-cap;
Like two old friends they took the road to Love-and-Beauty town,
That's here and there and everywhere on all the starry map.

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Would You Turn Your Back on a Wounded Soldier—

in France, when you could save his life—and say it was none of your affair?

If a little soup, a cup of cocoa, meant he should *live instead of die*, would you give it?

There is a wounded soldier in the war zone in France dying today because you have not given.

When you eat your own dinner will you not be haunted by the memory of the man terribly wounded in the struggle to protect his home and yours—whose sufferings have destroyed even his will to live?

They who have sacrificed much, ask for nothing. They are dumb with suffering. But gratitude makes them eloquent.

Their dire wants are simple—condensed milk, soups, cocoa, chocolate, jellies, preserves, and sugar—sugar is a wonderful luxury in the war zone.

And they eat so little.

Five dollars will keep a wounded soldier for his entire time in a war zone hospital.

Would you murder a wounded soldier in France, maybe one of our own soldiers, for five dollars?

Our own boys are in the war zone hospitals—where visitors are never allowed—men from the Foreign Legion, the aviation and hospital corps, and in the Canadian forces.

Soon thousands and thousands of our forces will be in France. They, too, will be taken care of by LE BIEN ÊTRE DU BLESSÉ.

This organization was founded at the request of the French government, with the Marquise d'Andigne (who was Miss Goddard of Providence) as the Pr sident.

The American Committee of the organization has been sending $5000 a month to the wounded of France.

More is needed.

Give today! France seems to be far away, but pain is pain everywhere. The wounded are suffering for things you can give.

Have a human life to your credit—the satisfaction of giving hope and comfort.

Send your donations to THE TREASURER

Le Bien Etre Du Blesse

360 Madison Ave., (8th Floor) New York City

American Central Committee
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Only five dollars is asked as an individual contribution to save life, to bring comfort and a ray of sunshine to the heroes who are suffering. If your heart dictates a larger contribution and your purse permits the wish to be fulfilled, for a sum of $200 a month for duration of the war Le Bien Etre Du Blesse will establish a separate hospital which will bear your own name.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

LANDING OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS

"THE boys have landed!"

The news of the safe arrival "somewhere" in France of the two contingents of United States troops sent a thrill through the American people. They had anxiously waited for some word from those they felt certain were on their way to the theater of war, altho the newspapers and the authorities who were in the secret of their departure guarded the news with jealous care lest the lurking submarines of the enemy send the loaded transports with their human freight to the bottom of the sea.

While the fact that "the boys" had arrived safely was hailed in America with feelings of pride and a gasp of anxiety for the news that future messages might bring, France went wild in her enthusiastic welcome of her American allies. A dispatch from "a French seaport" in the New York *Tribune* says:

The populace gathered early at the piers, where they waited for hours. Flags began to break out in the harbor, and when the news spread that transports and convoys had steamed through the submarine zone with no mishap the excited watchers exprest their enthusiasm in repeated cheers.

The khaki-garbed soldiers, with their kits slung across their shoulders, made a fine impression as they swung through the streets.

Lean, gray convoys dot the harbor. On the sidewalks is a moving throng, in which the tan of the American military uniform and the deep indigo of the navy is freely sprinkled. Soldiers and bluejackets are fraternizing with the people and trying to make themselves understood. Great numbers of motor-trucks of American make are rumbling through the streets, carrying immense supplies for the new camp at which the troops are concentrating.

All the men are eager for action.

It was on June 14 that a fleet of transports passed silently out to sea from "an Atlantic port" carrying the soldiers who are now in France.

There were no cheering crowds, no blaring bands when they parted from the few comrades left behind. There was little cheering and no colors were flung to the breeze, as these fighting men, bronzed from changing temperatures and tropical suns, marched aboard the transports to begin their journey to the front, to take up America's burden on the battle-front. *The Tribune* says of their departure:

There were no crowds lining the piers. No band played "Dixie" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The scattered cheering from shore came from a few envious comrades left behind to administer the concentration-camp. It was not "Good-by, Bill, and good luck," as the Britisher received on his departure for France, but "Give them hell!" the fighting slogan of the American "dough-boy."

Seasoned veterans, the men appeared in tip-top condition. Bronzed and weather-beaten from tropical changes of temperature, with soft brown campaign hats set at a rakish angle, shirts open at the neck, sleeves rolled up, revealing lithe, sinewy arms, forever polishing their rifles, they typified America of to-day.

The departure of 2,700 marines was so well conducted, in line with the necessary policy of secrecy, that they marched out of the Navy-yard "on the Atlantic coast" without the knowledge that they were headed for the battle-front of the World War reaching their companions who were left behind.

Second Lieutenant Charles Phelps Cushing, formerly of the staff of THE LITERARY DIGEST, tells the story of the departure of the marines, which is made public by the Recruiting Publicity Bureau. He says:

The only ceremony attending the leave-taking was a brief speech by Maj.-Gen. George Barnett, Commandant of the Marine Corps, to the officers of the field and staff of the overseas regiment and to the company officers. No colors were unfurled. No reporters or press photographers were present. No drums or bugles sounded. The regimental bandsmen went to war with their instruments cased and with rifles over their shoulders. On the Navy-yard parade-grounds a sailor baseball nine from one of the battle-ships was practising. The marines slipt away so quietly that the ball-players did not know until afterward that they had missed seeing the departure of a regiment of 2,700 men, bound for the battle-front.

At 2.30 o'clock of the afternoon of the departure the baseball-players had the parade-ground all to themselves, and no one was in sight on the street in front of the home of the post-commander of marines but a small boy in rompers, playing with a fox-terrier. A few seconds later the head of a column of soldiers of the sea in khaki and in heavy marching order swung into the brick-paved street in front of the post-commander's house, stepping along so briskly that the sound of their shoes upon the pavement was more like a crackle than a tread. The Major-General Commandant and a little group of other officers from headquarters took up posts on the turf of the parkway beside the curb. A sergeant of marines in khaki came trotting across the parade-ground, set up a motion-picture camera and began to crank. Another sergeant was snapping "stills" as the column came to a halt and faced about toward the group of officers.

The company officers of the battalion stept out in front of Major-General Barnett and saluted. For half a minute the Corps' Commandant addrest them. He spoke in an every-day conversational tone which could not be heard a dozen yards away, and his message was simply that he trusted that the marines who were setting out that day to fight under General Pershing would stanchly uphold the high traditions of the Corps.

The officers saluted and marched back to their places. The battalion stood at rigid attention for a moment. Then, with a snap, rifles jumped to shoulders, squads swung into column formation, and the line passed swiftly on down the street to the gate of the Navy-yard.

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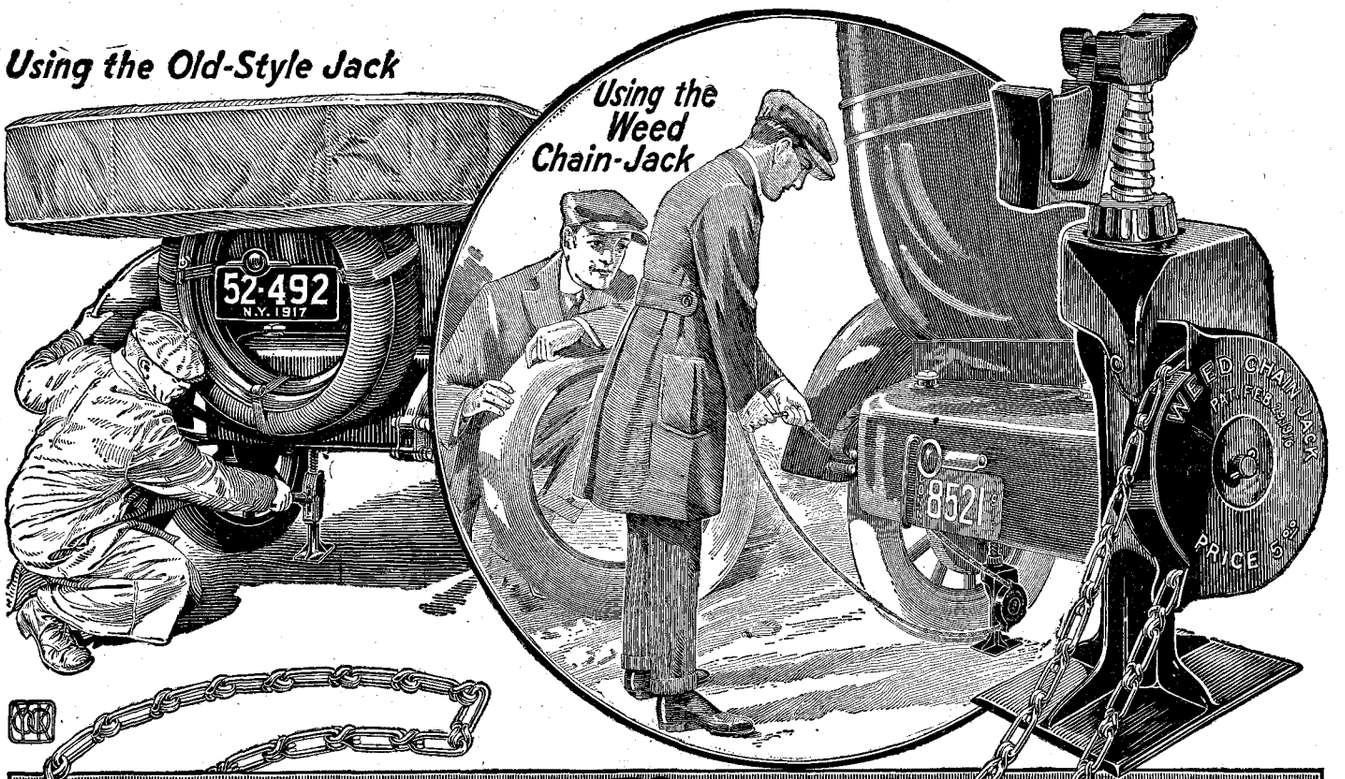

WEED Chain-Jack

THE JACK THAT SAVES YOUR BACK

Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion.

Every motorist has dreaded using the ordinary jack—an unpleasant operation, to say the least, and constantly fraught with danger and much tiresome work. Now all the unpleasant, disagreeable features have been ***entirely eliminated*** by the Weed Chain-Jack. With it, whether raising or lowering the car, you are always ***out of harm's way***—No knocking of head, or soiling of clothes against springs or other projections—***No skinning of knuckles*** or flying up of a "handle"—***No chance of the car coming down,*** often resulting in serious bodily injury—infinitely easier to operate than any jack on the market.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up, with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Once in place you never have to touch a Weed Chain-Jack. You do not have to crawl underneath to either raise or lower the car and after the car is lowered, you haul the jack out from under the car by the chain. ***Much superior*** in safety, economy, utility, simplicity and construction.

You will never be satisfied with any other if once you use a

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Powerful — Safe — Easily Operated

Has a strong cap, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack*** is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. ***Never gets out of order.*** Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised with Auxiliary Stepup
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No. Aux. Step
12 inch Truck	12 inches	19¼ inches	No. Aux. Step

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated above. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the Jack.

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them send $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars, or $10.00 for the truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars, or $12.00 for the truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money. Use the coupon.

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Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00/10.00
Send me a Weed Chain-Jack (size in.) It is understood I am to try it for 10 days and if not satisfied, I am to return it and you will refund the purchase price.

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Address.....

American Chain Company, Incorporated

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The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes—from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain.

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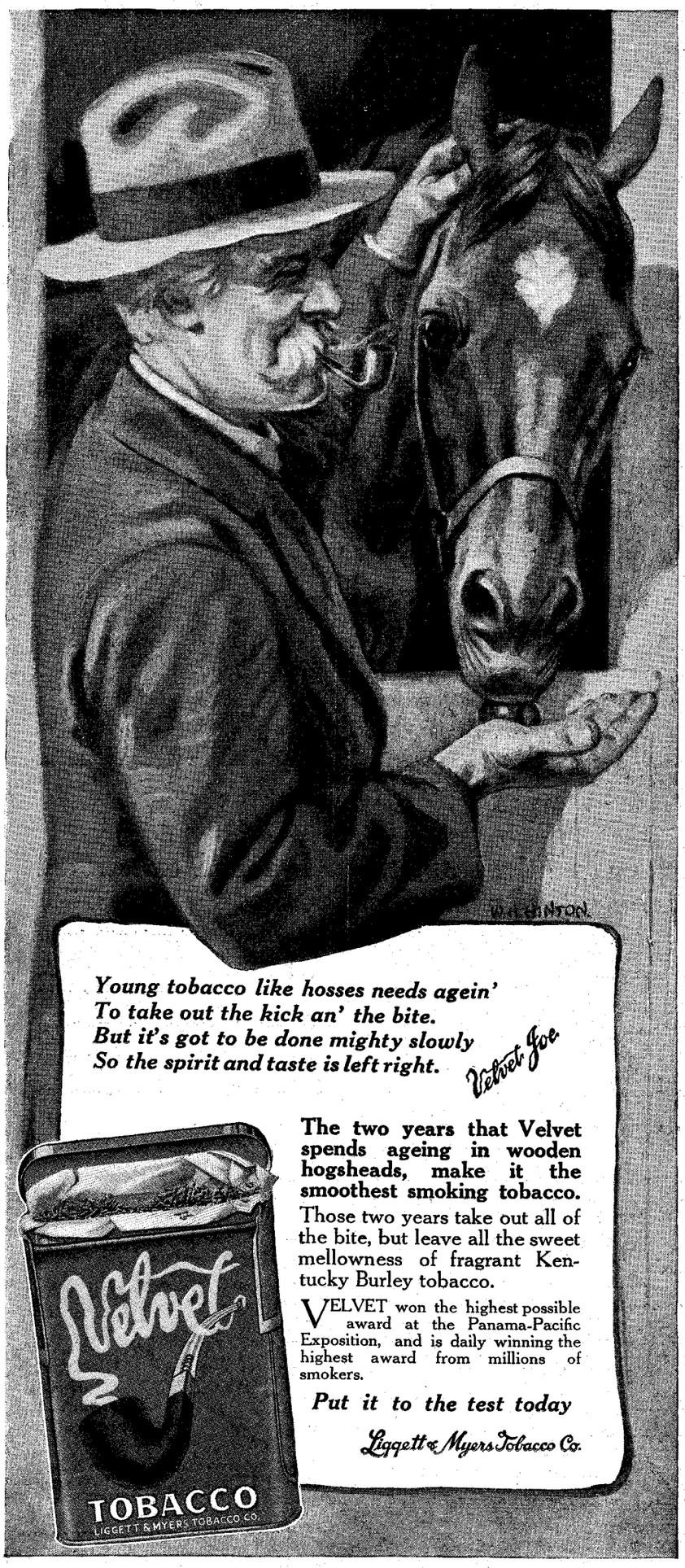
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Young tobacco like hosses needs agein'
To take out the kick an' the bite.
But it's got to be done mighty slowly
So the spirit and taste is left right.
Velvet Joe
The two years that Velvet spends ageing in wooden hogsheads, make it the smoothest smoking tobacco.
Those two years take out all of the bite, but leave all the sweet mellowness of fragrant Kentucky Burley tobacco.
VELVET won the highest possible award at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and is daily winning the highest award from millions of smokers.
Put it to the test today
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SIMS, "L'ENFANT TERRIBLE" OF THE NAVY

THE quiet order of Admiral Dewey at Manila: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," has gone down into history. With it will stand the words of Vice-Admiral Sims, who, upon his arrival at Queenstown with the fleet of American destroyers, was asked by the British commander how soon he would be ready for duty, and replied calmly: "We can start at once."

The high place that the American commander holds in the regard of the British has since been strikingly emphasized when the British Admiralty transferred to Vice-Admiral Sims the chief command of the Allied naval forces in Irish waters during the absence of the ranking British Admiral. The appointment was a compliment both to the man and to the United States, for it is an important post—that of protecting the big liners that ply between America and Great Britain.

Admiral Sims, whose merit was recently recognized by President Wilson when he appointed him Vice-Admiral, is described by Joseph Jackson in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* as "*L'enfant terrible* of the American Navy." For Sims, always outspoken, has a way of breaking through the red tape of departments, and speaking "right out in meeting" when he thinks criticism will be of benefit to the Navy.

At a formal dinner in London, in 1910, the Admiral declared that, if England should get into such a great war as even then seemed imminent, the Navy of the United States would be found fighting beside the Navy of Great Britain. Just what he said was this:

"If ever the time comes when the British Empire is menaced by an external foe, she can count on every dollar, every ship, and every drop of blood of her kindred across the sea!"

This sentiment reached the ears of the Kaiser, and Germany promptly entered a formal protest to Washington. As a result the President was forced to disavow this country's sympathy with the statement, and Admiral Sims was reprimanded. The Providence *Journal* says of him:

William Snowden Sims may rightly be said to have achieved his own advancement in the Navy, despite traditional handicaps. He has actually compelled his brother officers above and below him to realize his worth. By hard work, accomplishment, and unflagging zeal, he has won for himself an enthusiastic following. In brief, he has demonstrated his capability and the gripping force of his initiative.

He unconsciously summed up the reason for his own fine standing in the Navy when he emphasized the military value of popularity. Not the popularity of a studied effort to please, but the popularity of a man unafraid to battle with odds, and, when results were obtained, to

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share with all concerned whatever there was of credit. Indeed, this quality of personality has made him much akin to Admiral Sir David Beatty, of whom a sailor exclaimed after the test and carnage of the battle of Jutland, "Confidence in David? Why, we'd go to hell for David!"

His life and characteristics, *The Ledger* says, "ought to be an inspiration for boys who fail," for—

He failed grievously when he started to get into Annapolis. But the failure did not dishearten him; it only made him determined not to be refused. He set to work to master the subjects in which he was most deficient and, after having succeeded, once more presented himself as a candidate, and was accepted.

If one were to be asked what are the strongest characteristics of Admiral Sims, those who know him best would be inclined to answer that devotion to duty with a fearlessness that is uncommon and determination to make the American Navy the best in the world in efficiency are the most obvious. One might add to this that Admiral Sims has a thorough knowledge of the service and has the courage to impress his studied opinions upon those in authority, even when this is unpleasant business and would not assist an officer who might be desirous to rise.

But he never considers himself, and is heedless of consequences when he has spoken a word or has done anything that is regarded as unconservative for an officer. But his record for good service and for the manner in which he has improved the Navy is so well known, and his unconcern for himself so evident, that he is able to say the things that few other officers in the service would dare to utter.

Admiral Sims is a Pennsylvanian who was born in Canada. His father, A. W. Sims, was a member of a well-known Philadelphia family, who married a Canadian woman, who lived at Port Hope, Ontario, where the boy was born October 15, 1858. He spent his boyhood in Canada, and then his father moved his family back to Pennsylvania. There were three boys, and when William was seventeen, his father was offered a place in Annapolis for one of his sons. The other two did not care for a naval career.

At the examination, young Sims was not strong on either mathematics or French. He failed wofully in both, and was rejected. But the Sims family had a place at Annapolis and the boy felt that it was his duty to represent the family there, so he asked for another trial. He managed to do better this time, received his appointment, and was graduated in 1880. Later he used up a year's leave in going to France and mastering the French language.

"It is not saying too much to credit him with having pulled the Navy by its own boot-straps high out of a rut in which it seemed in a fair way to remain," says the New York *Sun*. "Just how it all happened has been told best by Sims himself, in his effort to enlighten Congressmen, so let him tell it in his own inimitable way":

A member of the Naval Committee remarked, "We have been told that naval

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THE difference between unfailingly efficient motor service and the "guess-she'll-pull-through-somehow" sort is just the difference between a properly designed spark plug and an improperly designed one.
Just that little extra engine effort that carries your car "on high" over the crest of the hardest hill—this is the contribution of the Bethlehem Five Point Spark Plug.
"Guaranteed for the life of your car."
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We will furnish you plugs if your dealer cannot supply you. State make and model of car.
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No costly wooden forms for this job—no need of them for yours

The pictures trace the swift, economical progress of a Self-Sentering construction job.

The material used for walls and roof was concrete, and it was held together and strongly reinforced by GF Self-Sentering.

Self-Sentering is a combined reinforcing and concrete—a one-piece steel lath and stud. It eliminates temporary wooden forms—the costly time, labor and material needed to build them up and tear them down.

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Self-Sentering requires less concrete, less weight, lighter framework than any other type of reinforced concrete construction. One man can lay the large Self-Sentering sheets, and the concreting is relatively simple and economical. Self-Sentering and concrete construction withstand the hottest fires.

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The recent $3,000,000 blaze at Atlanta was fire's typical reminder of America's great need of fire-safe construction.

And the high cost of labor and materials has placed a premium on speedy, economical, permanent building.

So why isn't Self-Sentering construction the most practical for your new factory or office building?

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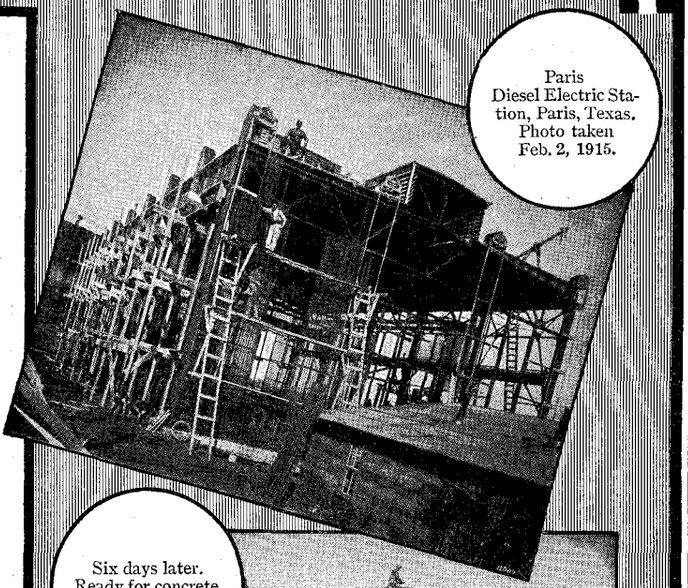
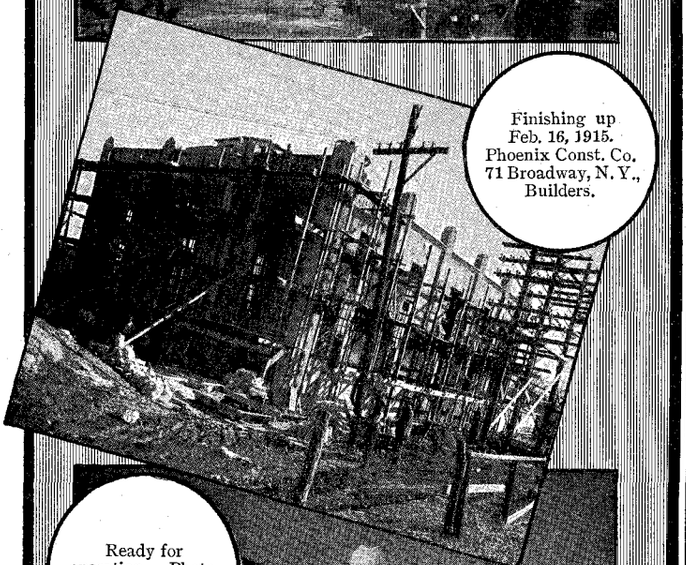
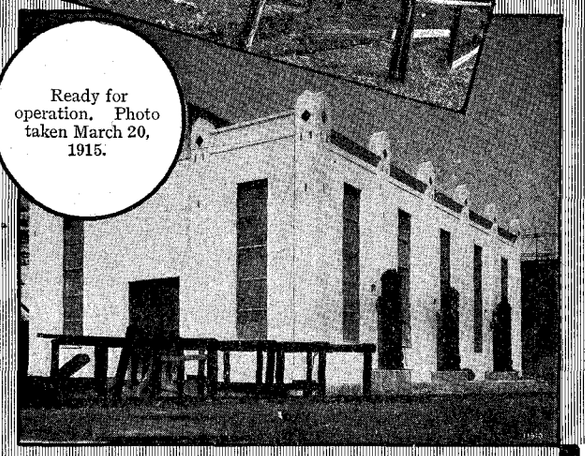


Paris Diesel Electric Station, Paris, Texas. Photo taken Feb. 2, 1915.

Six days later. Ready for concrete. No forms here.



Finishing up Feb. 16, 1915. Phoenix Const. Co. 71 Broadway, N. Y., Builders.



Ready for operation. Photo taken March 20, 1915.

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officers never have any faults." And to this bit of irony Sims promptly retorted, "That is all right, but they are made out of the same kind of stuff that Congressmen are; they are just the 'run of the mine,' and they are subject to the same human impulses." And then with refreshing candor Sims went on to explain just why progress was hampered in the Navy, and he made it clear how hard it was for a well-meaning critic to effect improvement.

"We formerly had a number of bureaus and no chief of naval operations," he said, "and one of the bureaus designed a gun and another one designed a ship, and if I or any officer, as captain of a ship or as an officer on a ship, wrote a criticism, that criticism went to the Secretary of the Navy and his clerk looked at it and said, 'That is construction; that goes in chute No. 1,' and down it went to the construction department.

"Now, the head of that department or bureau is the official adviser of the Secretary of the Navy by law as to whether that criticism is just or not, and you simply could not get by it. . . . Criticism after criticism came in and you can imagine what the man who was responsible would say. He had designed the appliance criticized and naturally he believed in it.

"As soon as we found out that we could not shoot, that criticism was sent in, and I reported the defects of the open turrets, etc., to the Department. I was a young officer out in China, a young lieutenant, young in grade tho not in years. It was in 1900 and 1901.

"I was young and innocent at that time and I supposed, of course, that when such things were brought to the Department's attention like that they would jump at the chance to rectify them; but it was not until some time afterward that I found that not only was there nothing being done but that there was nobody in the Navy Department who had heard about those reports; and I wrote a great many of them from China, and I deliberately used rather unofficial language, because I wanted to tear something loose, but I saw later that it was an entire mistake.

"I therefore wrote a letter to the President of the United States in 1902 over the head of the commander-in-chief of the China station and over the head of the Navy Department. It was the rankest possible kind of insubordination; but according to my idea, when a situation like that arises, where you know that you are absolutely right and where there is nothing doing, complete military subordination becomes cowardice. I conceived it to be my duty to take the chance.

"I did not know the President at all at that time. He went into the matter with the Navy Department, particularly in reference to target-practise, and we were extremely inefficient in that respect at that time. The British Navy was then beginning to do some wonderful stunts. After investigating the thing, I was telegraphed to come home from China and I was placed in charge of the target-practise."

Improvement in gunnery in the Navy has always been one of the main ideas of Admiral Sims, another being one that grew out of his great desire for efficiency—that promotion should be by merit and not by years of service. *The Ledger* says:

In 1902 Sims was assigned to report on gunnery-practise, and his report startled everybody in official Washington. It was a revelation. He pointed out that it was inefficient. But he did not act only as critic, he proposed changes. He had come in contact with Sir Percy Scott, of the British Fleet in the Pacific, and the two officers became great friends. Sims took a deep interest in gunnery and studied the British methods. He even made more than one trip to England in his tour of study, and the result was that he mapped out an entire new program for the American Navy by which the rapidity of hits was increased 100 per cent. and the general effectiveness of the fire was increased five times.

He had repeatedly derided the gunnery of the Navy, and just after he returned from Europe he was given an exhibition at Newport. The intention was to show Sims that he did not know what he was talking about. An old light-ship was towed out of the harbor and the fleet began to shoot at it. When the exhibition closed an examination showed that only one shot, that of a one-pounder at short range, had penetrated the ancient hulk. Consequently the Navy men began to take Sims seriously. And this led to his appointment as inspector of target-practise to improve the gunnery of the service.

He did this by the simple means of having the gun-pointer do nothing else about the gun. It was his sole business to keep the gun pointed at the target and the rest of the gun-crew loaded and fired the piece. The result was that the custom of making allowances for change of position of both gun and target was removed, the target and the gun were always on a line, and the efficiency of the method made even the fussy grouches of the service admit that Sims knew what he was doing.

The Sun calls attention to another angle of what it terms "Sims's many-sidedness" in dealing with the status of the torpedo-flotilla four years ago:

Our destroyers and torpedo-boats, especially the destroyers, were not accomplishing wonders of any sort. There was a lack of coördination in their efforts, and their maneuvers, so far as they went, did not bring out anything in the way of striking value to the battle-fleet. Opinions differed widely as to their possible war-time usefulness, and no one seemed to know just what the boats were physically capable of doing in time of need. The Department decided to turn the whole problem of these craft over to Sims and he was detailed in command of the torpedo-flotilla of the Atlantic Fleet on June 5, 1913.

Something happened as soon as Sims took up his new duties, and the men of the flotilla promptly realized that he was attacking the problem of the destroyers just as he had grappled with the intricacies of gunnery, and everybody felt that the "old man," as he was admiringly dubbed, would win results that would be worth while. That confidence was a large factor in overcoming difficulties and in finally whipping the flotilla into splendid shape.

So pleased was Sims with the result of his labors after two years that he asked to be left with the flotilla for another year. As he put it: "There is no billet on shore that would even tempt me for a minute to give up this job."

Sims is typically cosmopolitan, and

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

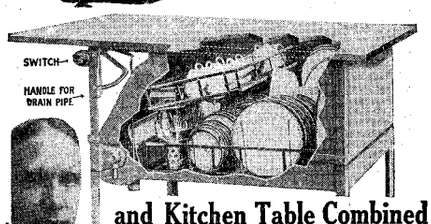
This is the day of "captains." The times call for captains in all lines of endeavor, military and industrial. Behind the captains in the Army and Navy must stand the captains of Industry. In war and in peace our national security is a question of factories and food. The best food for men and women who plan and direct great enterprises is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

a food that contains the greatest amount of strength-giving, body-building material with the least tax upon the digestion. In these times of food shortage and the high cost of living, don't be satisfied with anything short of the **whole wheat**—and be sure it is Shredded Wheat—which is the **whole wheat** in a digestible form. Two or three of these Biscuits with milk make a nourishing, satisfying meal. Delicious with berries, sliced bananas, or other fruits.

Made only by
The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rapid Dish Washer



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—will wash and dry all your dinner dishes, fine china and fragile glassware—leave them speckless, bright and shiny clean—without a chance for any breakage or chipping—*in 5 minutes*. Your hands do not touch the water. Occupies space and takes place of kitchen table. Let me tell you why I can sell it at such a low price—on absolute approval, complete satisfaction or your money back.

LOW PRICE **My Rapid has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping, Ladies' World, New York Tribune and Today's Housewife Institutes.**

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In Ancient And

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED THE DELINEATOR

Is a performing dog taxable?
Can I extract a needle from my shoulder without an X-Ray.
Where can I learn lip-reading?
Should a guest invite her friends to call or leave this to hostess?
What is Plutarch's "Lives" worth?
Will you send me a menu for a canned-goods luncheon?
What shall we boycott in organizing our Housekeepers' League?
What is the address of the Junior Typewriter Company?
What is the social life at Bismarck, N. D.?
How can I get the life of William Morris?
Can you suggest a reliable architect for our $7,000 house?
Did my little girl get scarlet fever from an animal?
What hospitals have post-graduate courses?
Where can I learn beauty culture?
Where are saddle-horses registered?
Why does my baby cry so much?
Who can I board with in Philadelphia?
What is the value of old steel-engravings?
Where can I get a list of starchless foods?
Where can I secure metal casement windows?
Why should I continue to be miserable with a husband I loathe?
Where can I get the face powder mentioned in The Delineator?
What diet is advisable for a diabetic?
How can I obtain the companionship of a good man?
How can I keep my disease, tuberculosis, from spreading to others?
Have you a recipe for preserved citron?
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How would my house look with a porch and a musicians' gallery?
Is semi-direct lighting advisable in a papered room?
How shall I support myself and boy?
Do you know of any exercises for tired eyes?
What is the design on my Russian pin?
What are good hair tonics, cold-cream, etc.?
How can I start a boarding-place for dogs?
How can I find a sailor on a European ship?
How can I prevent mildew on books?

BACK in the dawn of history, the women of Greece and other lands sought advice of the Oracles. Why was the blight on the olive-trees? Will her man return from the wars? How could she become more beautiful? What will propitiate the gods that her baby may thrive? For even in those early days, when life's setting was simple, woman craved counsel on the problems intimately her own.

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households, whose task is all professions in one, ask our advice about the "industry of living." The perusal of a single day's mail would be a revelation. In it will be found the perplexities, the tragedies, the comedies, the confidence and gratitude of so many lives.

In order to take care of this varied correspondence, The Delineator employs specialists to give information on every question that arises in a woman's life. Our organization represents a composite encyclopedia, hospital, rectory, law office, university and the house of a friend. Every letter receives an answer—not a vague, cryptic answer, but a personal, specific reply from an expert competent to advise.

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Have you any suggestions for building a group of workingmen's cottages of English type?
When should I say "How do you do?" and "Hello!" and when merely nod?
How can I get books on opening a baby shop?
Who is an expert on family trees?
Can you help me plan our new church?
What are suitable books for a future Harvard student now aged four?
Can I put a garage under my house?
Have you information on training feeble-minded children?
Shall I give a gentleman friend a book for Christmas?
Who published "North of Boston"?
Which is the best vacuum-cleaner?
Where can I get papers on Latin America?
Who designed the Schwab residence?
Will you select a raw-food diet for me?
How shall I, a new housekeeper, equip my kitchen?
How do girls' colleges rank?
How can I become a movie actress?
What shall I give my Sunday-school boys for Christmas?
How shall I entertain at a silver wedding?
Have you any data for a club paper on making a city cleaner and healthier?
What should I feed my child at one year and later?
How is "Jacques" pronounced?

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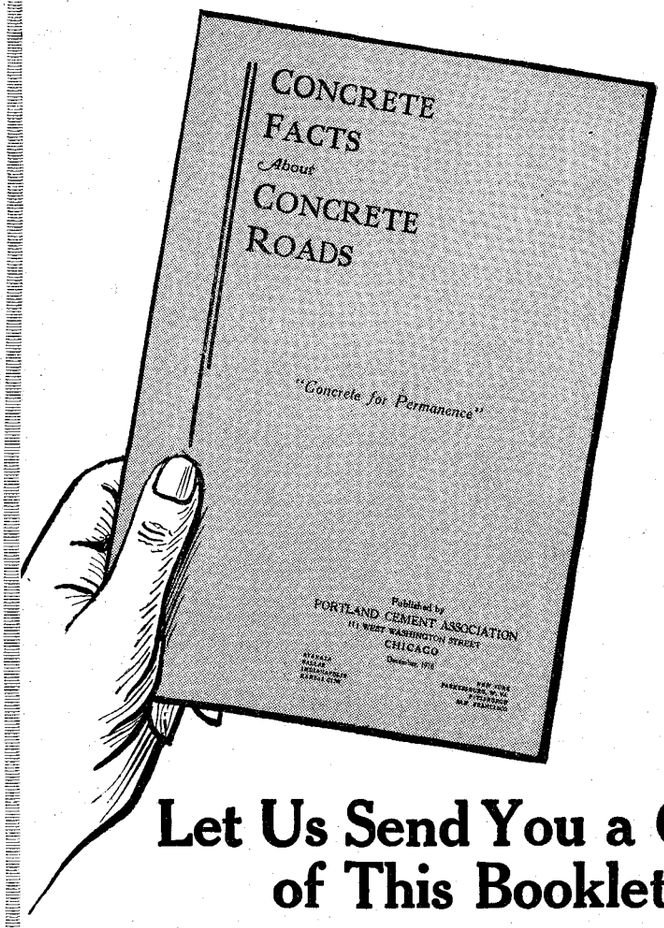

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probably no man in our Navy has had a chance to know intimately so many of the ranking officers in the fleets of our Allies. He is a well-known figure in London, Paris, and Petrograd, and everywhere he is welcomed because of his personality and his professional attainments.

A FEMININE "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

THE title of *Sherlock Holmes* is emphatically declined by the woman who solved the Cruger murder case in New York, altho, as a New York paper notes "there is a sense in which Mrs. Humiston can not escape the comparison," for she switched the search-light of publicity on the "finest police force in the world." Altho Mrs. Humiston declines to bear the *Holmes* title, the New York *Times* says:

She is the first real *Sherlock Holmes* on record. For what was *Sherlock Holmes*? A layman who used his brains to uncover mysteries which the routine-minded police failed to uncover, and who became a specialist. Mrs. Humiston has fairly earned that complimentary comparison for, tho the Cruger case is the most important one in which she has displayed her skill, it is not the first by several.

The unofficial detective was invented by Poe, whose *Dupin* was bodily appropriated, drest up in more up-to-date garments, and renamed *Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Conan Doyle.

Now, what *Dupin* and *Holmes* did is precisely what Mrs. Humiston did, except that they called their process deduction and she calls it common sense. The police men who languidly investigated the Cruger case duplicated to a marvel the characteristics of Poe's *Prefect* and Doyle's *Athelney Jones*, except that in this case they did not even use their own recognized professional methods more than perfunctorily. The *Prefect* and *Athelney Jones* would have dug up the cellar the first day. But, be that as it may, this creation of the fiction writer, the crime specialist who discomfits the police by the use of common sense whether you call it deduction or not, never existed in life before, and exists to-day. It seems to be another proof of that doctrine of which Oscar Wilde amusingly produced so many proofs—that "Nature always imitates Art."

"Frankly, so far as appearances go, Mrs. Humiston is badly miscast in the rôle of sleuth extraordinary," says the *Times* reporter in describing his visit to her office on the tenth floor of a big office-building. "Somehow, every one seemed in the proper place, except the black-eyed, black-haired woman in the purple silk dress who nervously arranged the roses on her desk and answered questions in a voice that was hesitant and low."

Mrs. Humiston is the daughter of Adoniram Judson Winterton, an old New Yorker who lived in Greenwich Village. She graduated in '88 from Hunter College as a teacher, but soon decided to take up the study of the law. *The Times* says:

A clerkship with the Legal Aid Society, and admittance to the bar in 1905 were the next steps taken, and then followed the

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establishment of the People's Law Firm—a sort of five- and ten-cent affair where the law, in defiance of all approved methods, was made to fit the client's purse. Occasionally persons would drop in to see Mrs. Humiston and tell her about relatives or friends who had disappeared. She began to be interested in such cases, and when a surprizingly large number were reported in the South Mrs. Humiston was retained to go down there and discover the reasons why.

It did not take her long to ascertain that the turpentine-camps of the South, being in great need of laborers, had agents in the big cities to persuade persons to help with the sap-buckets. It appeared that once a chap got down there he generally stayed — chained, if necessary. S. S. McClure heard about Mrs. Humiston's investigations, and offered to finance her on a trip through all of the camps. She accepted, and, disguised, penetrated many places.

After a year of wandering from camp to camp, Mrs. Humiston went to Washington. Attorney-General Bonaparte appointed her an assistant on his staff that her findings might bear an official stamp. When her work was finished, peonage in the South had been done away with, and to the young lawyer went full credit. Two years later Mrs. Humiston traveled in the Holy Land, Egypt, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Italy, and other countries which have been sources of much of our immigration.

While in Lima, Peru, Miss Winterton married Howard Humiston, with whom she had been associated in the People's Law Firm, and she was only lured away from home life—which she declares to be the "greatest, dearest thing in the world"—by the sad case of Mrs. Antoinette Tola, condemned to death for the murder of her husband. Mrs. Humiston obtained for the woman first a reprieve and then a pardon. Her success in this case was followed by that in the case of Gennaro Mazzella, whose acquittal she obtained after he had been sent to the death-house in Sing Sing. On December 4 last, Governor Whitman commuted the death-sentence of Charles Stielow to life imprisonment as the result of the unflagging fight made by Mrs. Humiston against strong political influence. Then she went back to the home life she loves, but the call of her profession came again in April last.

Mrs. Humiston read of the disappearance of Ruth Cruger in the newspapers, but was not specially interested in the case until Mrs. Felix Adler requested her to take up the investigation, whose results have been published the country over. After discussing the case in detail, she said in reply to a question:

"No, I never read 'Sherlock Holmes.' In fact, I am not a believer in deduction. Common sense and persistence will always solve a mystery. You never need theatricals nor *Dr. Watsons* if you stick to a case.

"Who said I worked eighteen to twenty hours a day on this case? I may have done that occasionally, but as a rule I put in only fifteen or sixteen.

"No, I am not a suffragette, but I

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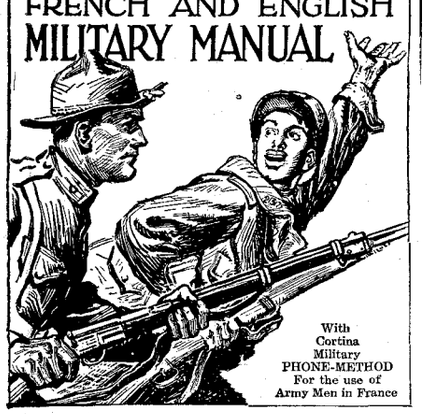

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certainly am not an anti. If giving the vote to women could abolish white slavery or the other nefarious practises, if it could make better the lot of womankind, then by all means let us vote. As a matter of fact, I'm much too busy to ally myself with any organization for or against suffrage.

"As between a professional career and home? Assuredly, I prefer home—possibly that sounds old-fashioned? Well, to me there's nothing like my home."

DYNAMITE JOHNNY O'BRIEN

THE recent death of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien closed a long and adventurous career, the details of which would read like a romance of Alexander Dumas set in the twentieth century. It was Dynamite Johnny who, by his blockade-running expeditions with men, arms, and ammunition, enabled the Cubans to fan the spark of revolution in the early days of their struggle for independence. His adventures were not confined to that island of unrest. He was known all over the world wherever there has been fighting, and was reputed to have been in command of a Japanese submarine during the Russo-Japanese War.

But it was as a Cuban sympathizer that he was best known for his daredevil, gun-running exploits. To the Cubans he was a hero, and at the bedside of the old filibuster, when he peacefully passed away at a New York hotel, was Victor Hugo Barranca who had come to New York to tell Dynamite Johnny that the Cuban Congress was about to pass a bill providing for the payment of $6,000 a year to the soldier of fortune. Of his adventurous life the New York *Sun* says:

Capt. John A. O'Brien, as he insisted he should be called by subordinates when he drew himself up to his full height of five feet two and turned upon them a pair of black eyes that shot them through and through, was eighty years old April 20, when he was the guest of honor at a big birthday-celebration and dinner in the Hotel McAlpin. On his seventy-seventh birthday he was stricken with paralysis at his home in Newark, and since then his health failed steadily. Most of the time he had spent in bed.

He was born in the old Dry Dock district, New York City, in 1837. He learned to swim about as soon as he learned to walk, and he got his name of Daredevil Johnny when he worked with his brother, who ran a ferry-boat in the East River. He took many a big boat through Hell Gate long before there had been a thought of clearing that treacherous, rock-strewn channel, and he could boast that he never met with a mishap. Subsequently he became a pilot between New York and Halifax, and when the Civil War started he managed to get a commission as third officer on the *Illinois* when she was sent with other ships to fight the *Merrimac*.

Then he went out as mate on a schooner ostensibly bound for Nassau. The vessel was crammed with arms and ammunition for the Confederacy. O'Brien succeeded to the captaincy and ran the schooner to Matamoras, her real destination, where the cargo was turned over to Confederate agents.

His filibustering days began when the Cuban revolution started. It was at the calling of gun-runner that he gained a reputation that rang around the world and made him a prize ardently desired by the Spaniards. Many a man, many a gun, and many a round of ammunition were landed on Cuban soil from the deck of an O'Brien blockade-runner. But this work palled on him. It was not exciting enough. He quit the sea, joined the insurgents, and led companies of ragged little brown men against Spain's veterans. He jumped back to the sea, made a mock of the Spaniards with his gun-landing from the city of Mexico, tried his hand at piloting between Cuba and the Florida coast, a job for which there were few candidates in those days, and then turned his bright eye toward Haiti.

Carrying contraband to that disturbed land he helped to bring about the downfall and expatriation of Legitime.

The prospect of trouble in Russia attracted him next. He traveled secretly to Odessa, entered the service of the societies that were trying to stir up a revolution against the Romanoffs, and was all ready to lend his wits and hard hand to the great job when the Potemkin mutiny, far too precipitate, made the whole revolutionary plan abortive. Dynamite Johnny fled from Russia through the Caucasus. He found himself in Tokyo just before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. First he was appointed by the Japanese Government as an agent to purchase Holland submarines in this country. Later he was placed in command of a submarine operating off Port Arthur, and the story has been told with a degree of positiveness that Dynamite Johnny commanded the submarine which torpedoed and sank the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* off Port Arthur, on April 13, 1904. The Japanese Government has always maintained, however, that no submarines were in active commission in the war.

The incident by which O'Brien won his cognomen also exemplifies the intrepid courage of the man. The Brooklyn *Eagle* thus recalls the story:

He had hardly reached his majority when he helped ship a cargo of munitions of war to the Confederates by way of Mexico. He first became an independent filibuster in 1885, running arms to Colombia. Three years after that he won the title "Dynamite Johnny." A Cuban had bought the *Rambler*, a big schooner yacht, and had planned to send sixty tons of dynamite to Cuba for the revolutionists. O'Brien was the only man who would tackle the job of navigating the *Rambler* so loaded. When he got started, a heavy sea set the cargo shifting. Single-handed, the skipper went into the hold and made things safe. He won that title fairly.

In 1896 General Funston—then a youngster from Kansas—sailed on the *Dauntless* with thirty-five others to fight for free Cuba. O'Brien was the commander of the vessel, and this was Funston's impression of the man:

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splendid seaman. All of these qualific tions were needed for filibustering in th particular war, for, if there was o thing well understood, it was that eve member of one of these expeditions, captured by the Spaniards, would g the shortest shrift possible to give him.

GOOD-BY TO THE BURRO

BECAUSE the burro has outlived usefulness as a beast of burden Arizona, it has been suggested that t animal might furnish the missing li between a short food-supply and t bothersome H. C. L. A generation two ago the burro was much in dema as an ore-carrier in the shafts of t quartz mines, and as pack-animal for t early prospectors. But motors and aut mobiles have pushed him out of his job, a Arizona complains that his number is creasing, and that he eats the grass th rightfully belongs to what are now co sidered more valuable beasts.

The burro appeared on the scene ba in 1854, when the same old desert w there, but no railroad to cross it. It w then—when the Government was more less seriously considering the propositi of importing camels—that the bu arrived and solved the problem. A now that he is no longer needed, man his ingratitude suggests the sausa machine!

Eugene Brown has an admitted fondn for the burro, and tells in the Los Ange *Times Illustrated Magazine* some of t distinguishing characteristics of the ani that he has learned from personal obser tion. He sketches the little fellow's salie points thus:

He has a high forehead and a thoughtf reflective face, but is not as brainy as looks. Sometimes, indeed, he seems inane and stupid as a man in love with grass-widow. Most generally a burro h great, soulful eyes, but really his soul smaller than that of a blind kitten. In collection of souls that of the burro wo seem like a mere speck. The greate value of the burro is for the load he carri If a man could carry the same load a be as sure-footed about it he would worth $20,000 a year as a wine-agent.

The burro can generally get away wi anything that can be strapped to him. Son times he is called upon to move the ent possessions of a family—and he does He is the only animal in captivity that c climb a cliff with a cook-stove, a mattre a trunk, a wash-tub, two frying pans, family Bible, and a couple of lengths stovepipe tied to his back. At times seems almost buried beneath his burd and it is rather startling for the strang to see a load ambling cozily up a hill wit out any visible means of support.

The burro has an elastic and acco modating appetite. He can dine at t Alexangelus or go to bed without supper without expressing any particu emotion either way. If he has a bale alfalfa before him he likes hay, but there is nothing but a mess of prick

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cactus in the ice-box why cactus is his meat. He is usually careless about his drinking habits. Like most personal-liberty advocates he can take it or leave it alone. But he can wet his whistle at an alkali mud-hole with as much *sang-froid* as if he were opening a keg of hops on the East Side. It is hardly safe, however, for two or three to be anchored close together. They are liable to eat up each other's loads.

Once when we were camping out on the bosom of nature our burro stuck his head through the flap of our tent and ate up our only pair of pants.

That was the week we came near being shot for a wild man.

KING ALEXANDER A MOTOR-SPEEDER

KING ALEXANDER I. of Greece, who recently astounded the Entente Powers by announcing that he should continue the policies of his father, King Constantine, forced to abdicate because of his German sympathies, is only twenty-four years old. He is described as more given to sports than to the more serious business of politics, and to prefer driving high-powered automobiles to considering problems of government.

"He is a sturdy college boy, rather than a soldier," says Adamantios Th. Polyzoides in the New York *Times*. He is fond of all kinds of sport, especially football and tennis, but his particular hobby is motoring. Of this passion of the young King the writer says:

He simply wants to drive anything, just as fast as he can; and he does it, too, in defiance of all the speed laws of the Athenian police, who were especially lenient to the popular Prince. One thing his father used to tell him often was that it would be impossible for Alexander to get a royal warrant of driver to his Majesty the King. Neither the Queen nor her daughters ever entrusted themselves to the driving abilities of this princely chauffeur.

Once he was accused of running down and nearly killing an old woman who happened to cross the street while the Prince was coming along in his racer at the rate of some fifty miles an hour. After the accident the Prince promptly turned his machine around and became solicitous of her safety; incidentally, he gave her some money and told her to come for more when she felt in need. Whereupon the old lady, who was more frightened than hurt, said:

"Your Highness, I thank you for your kindness; but I am all right."

Then Alexander grew angry and said:

"Now listen; you are all right, but I am not, neither is my machine. Certain parts of it were broken in running you down, which I could not duplicate in all Athens, and all this because an old woman like you, who ought to be home earlier than now, persisted in crossing in my way."

Last year, while driving to the royal villa of Decelia at a high rate of speed, he tried to avoid hitting a goat and the result was that his car struck a tree and was smashed. Its royal occupant broke a leg and miraculously escaped death.

While he was being bandaged that night at the palace he had his secretary

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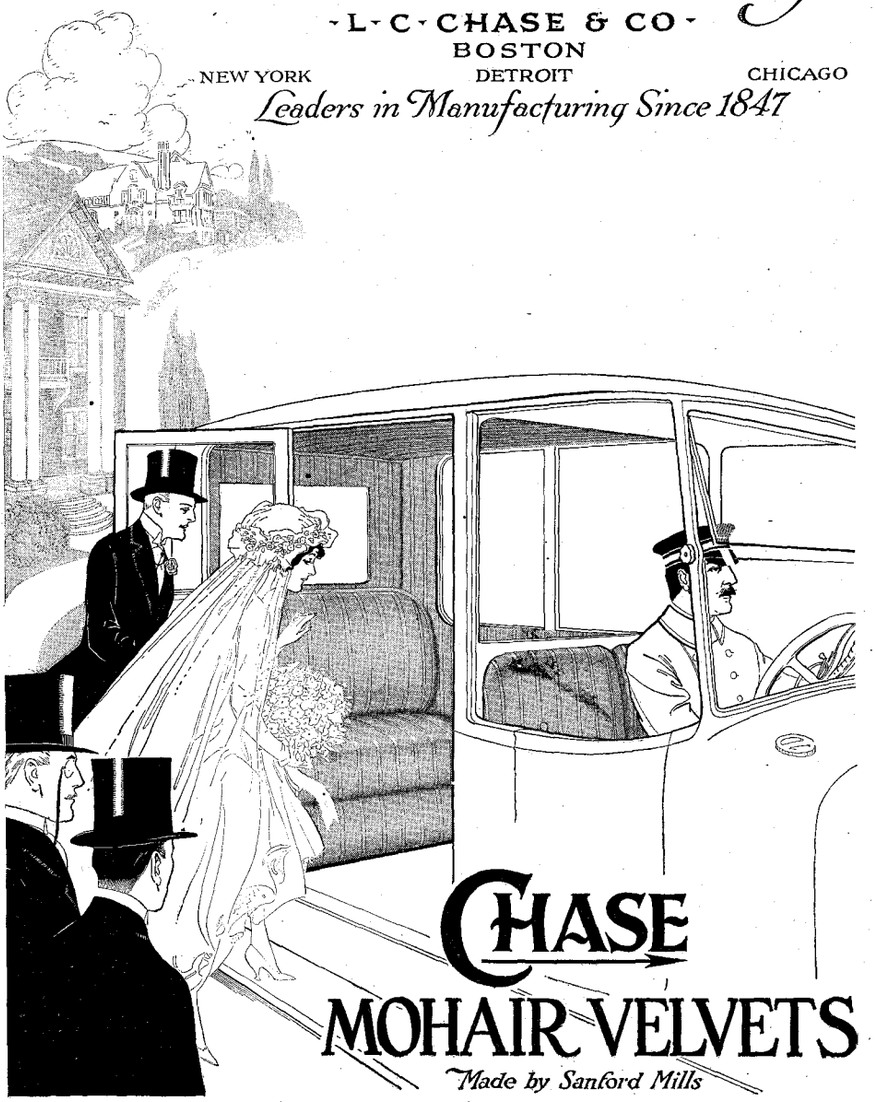

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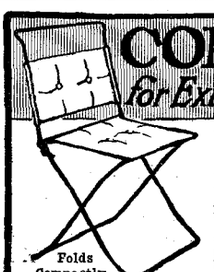

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Mrs. C. Martin, Topeka, Kan., writes: "Your H. T. bought a year ago is certainly the finest talking bird I ever saw. Says whole sentences, speaks names distinctly. I know he says 100 words." Parrot booklet and Catalog free.

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Works equally well in the kitchen or the orchard, on coal, gas or oil stove, cannot burn the articles and requires no watching. Made in two convenient sizes. Popular prices that anyone can afford. Ask for the "Granger" at your favorite store—if they cannot furnish—write direct.

18"x 26". 1 to 2 bus. capacity, $6.00
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Kleiser's Mail Course in Good English will give YOU the ability to speak and write natural, "American" English. If you will give 15 minutes a day to this course, at home, you will quickly and surely learn to

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—Rev. H. M. Baumann, Gackle, N. Dak.

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—Chas. Axman, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Send for this valuable booklet—it will come to you absolutely free and you assume no obligation at all by sending for it. With the booklet comes full information regarding this course and how it will give you real, practical help in gaining fluency and correctness in your speech. Write for the booklet to-day—it's free.

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cable to Italy an order for a new car of the same type as the one that was destroyed. He was dictating the details of the order when the royal surgeon came and examined the injured leg.

"How long do you think it will take my leg to mend?" the Prince asked.

"Oh, anywhere from three to four weeks," said the doctor.

"All right," said Alexander. "By that time my new car will be here."

He tried that vehicle soon after the four weeks were up, and the first thing he accomplished with it was to run over a little newsboy, to whom he gave $200 on the spot.

"I am all the more sorry," he told the newsboy, apologetically, "because I like the press."

With his companions in the Army the Prince was exceedingly democratic and he was generally well liked by his comrades. His habits were convivial and he was frequently present at the gatherings of the young officers. As an officer he made an excellent record, and, strangely enough, he was promoted to a captaincy on the same day as the son of Venizelos, who was in the same regiment.

At first Prince Alexander's interest in the war was keen, and he read the details of the various campaigns with avidity. When asked what he thought of the belligerents he is said to have replied: "I don't know about the others, but the Russians are no good." Of his connection with the Army, in which he was a lieutenant of artillery, *The Times* says:

Those closely associated with him found the young man an excellent officer. A curious thing about it was that Sophocles, the second son of Venizelos, was likewise a lieutenant, not only in the same regiment, but also in the same battery with the Prince. More curious still, both were promoted to a captaincy on the same day. The officers of the regiment, desiring to celebrate the promotion of the Prince, arranged a small affair with plenty of champagne and other accessories.

Then, however, a controversy arose. On account of an interview that King Constantine had given to the writer of this article, which was published in America, there appeared in the newspaper edited by Venizelos himself a vitriolic attack on the King. This, by some diabolical coincidence, happened on the very day when the officers' spree was to take place.

There was consternation in the regiment. "It is impossible to have the son of the King and the son of Venizelos at the same table," said the officer in charge of the arrangements. "But what is to be done? We can not tell young Venizelos to keep away from the affair any more than we can tell the Prince not to come."

At that moment, Alexander came in and solved the problem.

"I don't mind drinking a glass of wine with Captain Venizelos," he said, "and I wouldn't mind cracking a couple of jokes with him. If he were his father, and I mine, things would be different, but as it is I am not King and Sophocles Venizelos does not aspire to the Premiership of Greece."

The celebration was held and the two young men shook hands, to the delight of the whole regiment.

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A HINDU BALLYHOO

SOMEWHERE in India they had a circus. It was a very good circus, the Barnum and Bailey of Hindustani, replete with more hair-raising thrills and side-splitting attractions than any other aggregation ever agglomerated, so enthralling that the peanut-shells of the loud young man in the seat above fell on your head unnoticed as the summer dew. Notwithstanding the fact that it was managed, directed, and performed by Hindus, the performance was Western in character, exactly like the show which played on the back lots of your Home Town that night it rained so hard. That is to say, like it except in one thing. The Great Indian Circus had no press-agent. Ganesh B. Narain secured a clown, an india-rubber man, and an acrobat, but he forgot to learn the showman's vocabulary. He had never heard of "the stupendous aggregation of miraculous marvels." If he had he would surely have used it, for he is enough of a showman to instinctively seek the superlative. The following program of G. B. Narain's circus was sent to one of our readers by a missionary in Dehra Dun, India, and the latter insists that Narain had no intention of making the program humorous. In fact, he treasures this effort as an example of his mastery of English:

THE GREAT INDIAN CIRCUS

Programme

Under patronage of Royal Duke of Knaught, K.C.B., &c.

N. B.—This Circus is the very better, therefore he comes to see that.

The performance preparation will commence at 8 P.M. sharp.

PART I

1. Some horses will make a very good tricks.
2. The klown will come and talk with that horses, therefore audience will laugh itself very much.
3. The lady will walk on horse's back and horse is jumping very much also.
4. The klown will make a joking words and lady will become to angry therefore klown will run himself away.
5. One boy will fall a ball from top-side, then he can catch that ball before that ball can fall.
6. This is the very better jumping trick.

Refreshments 10 minutes.

PART II

1. One man will make so tricks of trapeze. Audience will fraid himself very much.
2. Dogs will jump and roll in the mud.
3. One lady will make himself so bend, then everybody he will think, that he is the rubber lady.
4. This is the very grand display.
5. This is the very better Gimnasticks.
6. One man will walk on wire tight, he is doing very nicely because he is professor of that.

Refreshments 10 minutes.

PART III

Then will come the very good dramatic.

Notice

No sticks will be allowed in the spectator, and he shall not smoke also.

Charges for Entrance

1st Class.....Rs. 2
2nd Class.....Rs. 1
3rd Class.....annas 8

There is no any 4th Class.

GANESH B. NARAIN
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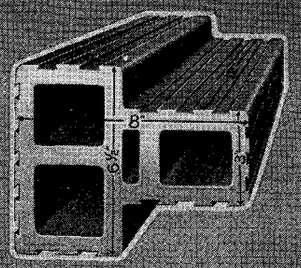
Isn't it worth your while to find out why?



This unit builds all desirable thicknesses of wall. See drawing below.

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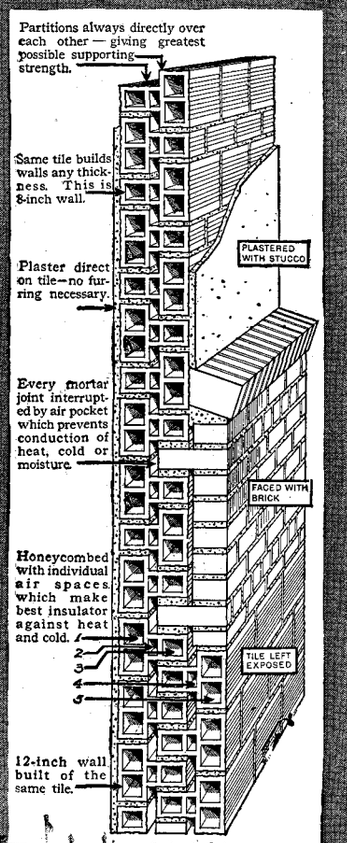
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Same tile builds walls any thickness. This is 8-inch wall.
PLASTERED WITH STUCCO
Plaster direct on tile—no furring necessary.
Every mortar joint interrupted by air pocket which prevents conduction of heat, cold or moisture.
FACED WITH BRICK
Honeycombed with individual air spaces which make best insulator against heat and cold.
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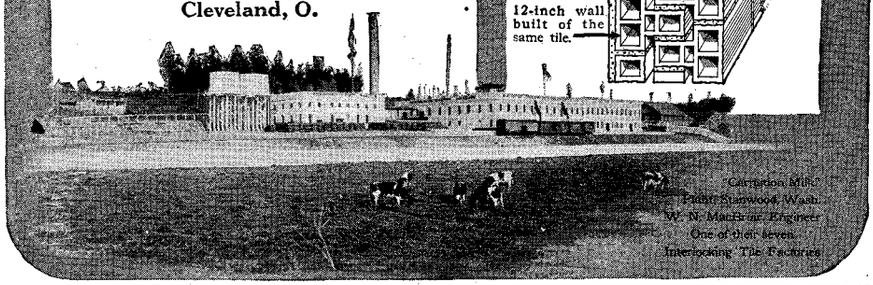
2
3
4
5
TILE LEFT EXPOSED
12-inch wall built of the same tile.



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MUSIC UNDER FIRE

THE following simple statement recently appeared in the French general rders: "The Forty-sixth Infantry band layed under the enemy's fire to encourage ıe attacking troops in spite of a heavy ombardment." These few cold, official ords calmly dispose of a story of courage hich is thus told in the San Antonio *Light:*

It was one of the organizations that ad regaled the people of Paris with lyrical rs during summer afternoons; for the rench have a special liking for public ncerts. But it was no summer afternoon air that furnished the occasion for the usic of which mention was made in the neral orders. The musicians, fifteen in l, marching with a column that was lvancing upon a town held by the enemy, ruck up the "Marseillaise" just as the igagement opened. Soon the first bandsan fell. The others marched on, still aying the inspiring air. In a rain of llets another musician went down; but held on to his instrument, and conued to play where he had fallen. He uld not cease playing, for the "Marllaise" had not been finished. The sualties numbered four as the last notes the piece were played.

Having finished the "Marseillaise," the nd, now numbering eleven men, struck "The Charge" as the regiment rushed to the enemy's trench. Here one of the arionet-players was hit in a vital spot, d he fell with his instrument prest to s lips. The ten remaining musicians, lvancing in the face of a terrific machine-n fire, played as tho determined that eir notes should rise above the sounds of ttle.

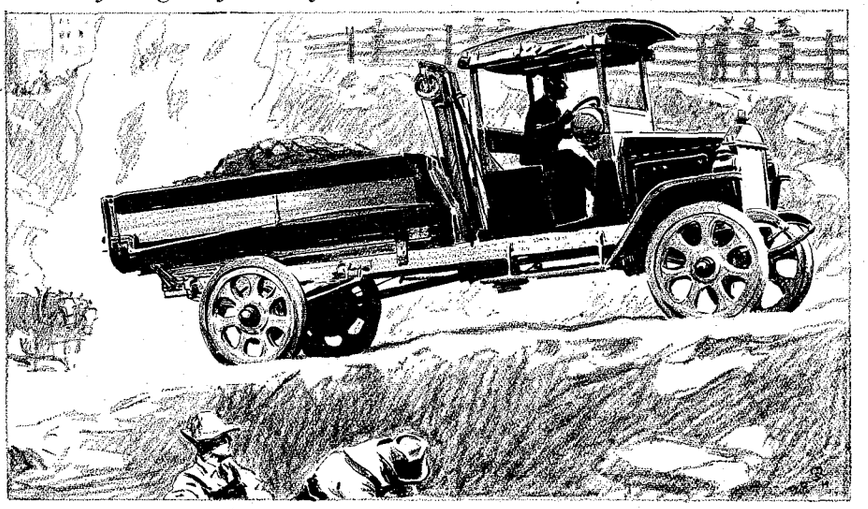
A single bullet struck down the big ummer and a flute-player just as the posing forces came together in hand-to-nd combat. Having finished "The harge," the band, now numbering eight en, struck up the "Marseillaise" again. shell splinter shattered the hand of the st trombone-player, and he dropt his strument—but soon the notes of the st trombone rose again above the clash conflict, for the second trombone-player, ot through the hip, crawled to the fallen strument, snatched it up, and joined in e music.

Advancing — always advancing — the nd was caught in a heavy enfilading e. Another musician fell. But, marchg onward with the regiment, the Fortyxth Infantry band, now numbering only ve men, was still playing when the trilor of France gained undisputed possesn of the town. An inventory of the nd's effects showed that every instrument d been pierced by bullets or shattered exploding shells, some of them having en so badly damaged that the best of e remaining musicians could coax from em nothing more musical than a squeak.

It is with such comrades as these—e members of the Forty-sixth Infantry nd—that the troops from the United ates will go into battle when they reach rench soil.

Faith.—"Bobby, have you said your ayers?"

"Oh, ma! God knows what I want. hy must I go over the same old ground ght after night?"—*Life.*



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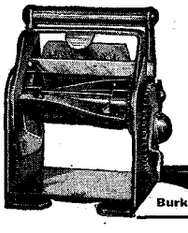

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The *Albany Times-Union* says of it: "He gives a history of hay-fever: a study of its periodicity, symptoms and diagnosis; accepted causes, and preventive measures; suggestions as to diet and exercise; and not only his own treatment, but the meth ods employed by other physicians which have afforded certain degrees of relief. He has read thou sands of papers and books on the subject, and has prepared a very lengthy bibliography."

The *Philadelphia Press* says: "Dr. Hollopeter has had remarkable success with a simple treatment of hay-fever for the last twenty-five years, and has given relief to many patients in his private practice."

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—*Widow.*

There's a Reason.—Because a girl with pretty teeth laughs at your joke is no sign that the joke is especially amusing.—*Punch Bowl.*

A Studious Goat.—"This," said the goat, as he turned from the tomato-can and began on the broken mirror with relish, "this is indeed food for reflection."—*Lampoon.*

She Had a Kind Face.—AGNES—"No I would never marry a man to reform him."

ETHEL—"Well, I don't think myself that harsh measures are the best."—*Boston Transcript.*

Why the Lamp Went Out

In the parlor there were three,
She, the parlor-lamp, and he;
Two is company, no doubt,
So the little lamp went out!
—*Yale Record.*

Faithful Bridegroom.—Tony, the office janitor, had been working faithfully at his job for several years, when he surprized his employer one day by asking for a vacation.

"We can't get along very well without you," said the boss. "You don't need a vacation. You'll only blow in your money and come back broke."

"I like to have vacation," persisted Tony. "I get married, and I kinda like to be there."—*Argonaut.*

Not Worth the Difference.—A negro servant, wishing to get married, asked his master to buy him a license in the neighboring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the license made out in her name.

"There's your license to marry Euphemia," he said to the servant that night. "You're as good as married already, and you owe me only $2."

The darky's face fell.

"But, Mass' Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wa'n't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation wid Georgiana Thompson, the la'ndress, is the one I'se gwine to marry."

"Oh, well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another license to-morrow, but it will cost you $2 more, of course."

The next morning the darky came out to the carriage as it was starting for town, and, leaning confidentially over the wheel, said:

"Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder license; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been t'inkin' it over in de night, and to tell you de troof, Mass' Tom, de conclusion o' my judgment is dat dar ain't $2 worth o' difference between dem two ladies."—*Tit-Bits.*

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Gone.—HE—"You used to say there was something about me you liked."

SHE—"So I did. But you've spent it all."—*Minnehaha.*

Training for Milkman's Job.—"What does your son expect to be?"

"From the hours he keeps, I should say he is naturally cut out to be a milkman."—*Puppet.*

Forgot to Tell Her.—SHE—"I tell you, Billy, I won't stand for being treated this way. Now that we are engaged—"

HE—"Oh, I forgot to tell you. That tuff's all off."—*Minnehaha.*

Prompt Obedience.—GRACE—"I told him he mustn't see me any more."

HER BROTHER—"Well, what did he do?"

GRACE—"Turned out the lights!"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Responsible Man Needed.—"What I want," said Farmer Corntossel, "is a man in whose honesty, discretion, and skill I can place implicit reliance."

"You want a confidential secretary?"

"No, I don't. I want a man I can trust to plant potatoes."—*Washington Star.*

That Troublesome H.—A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile-factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down-stairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" glared the irate foreman. "I told you to eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."—*Youth's Companion.*

Turning the Tables.—A noted artist was recently visited by an interviewer, who fired at him from a question-sheet questions such as these:

"Were your parents artistic? Which of your paintings do you consider your best work? When, where, and why did you paint it? How much did it bring you in? Who is your favorite dead master? Favorite living master? What is your income from art? How much—"

But at this point the artist seized the interviewer by the arm and began in his turn:

"Just a moment, please. What is your name, age, and salary? Is journalism with you a life-work or merely a means to higher literary end? How do you like your editor? State his faults and salary. What was the best interview you ever wrote? Give a brief summary of same. Have you ever been fired? How does it feel? Where—"

But here the interviewer, jerking his arm from the painter's grasp, fled from the studio, and the artist cheerfully resumed his work.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

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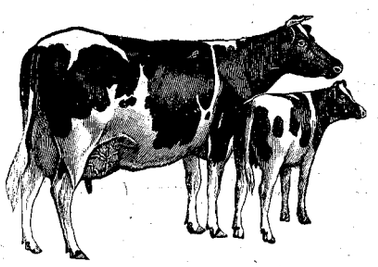

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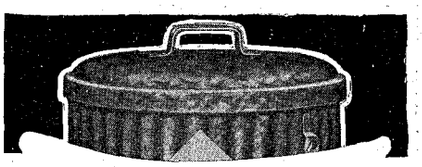

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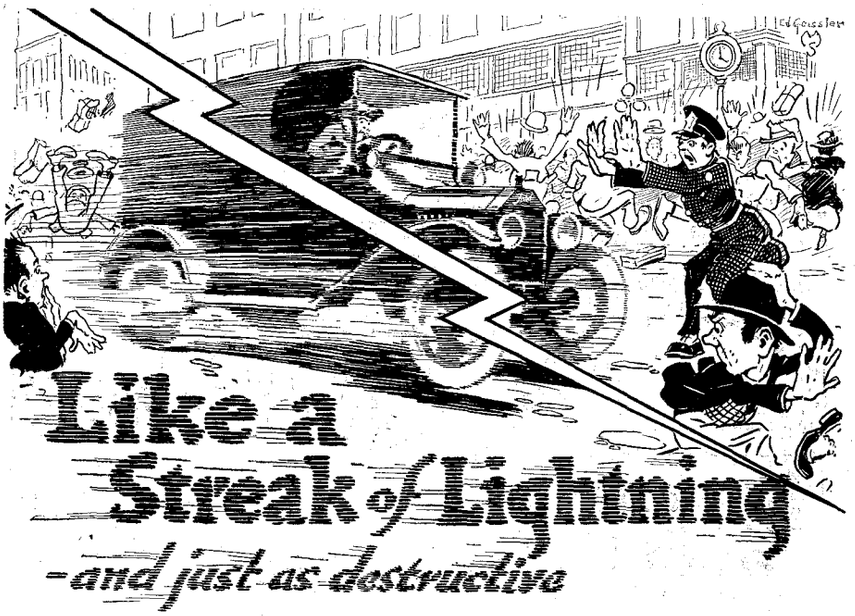

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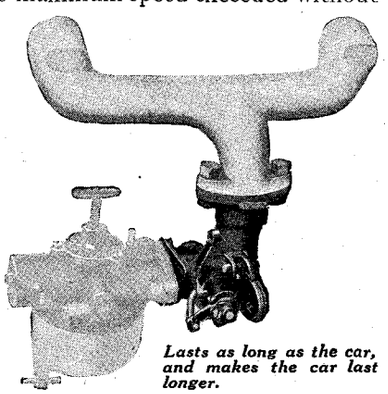

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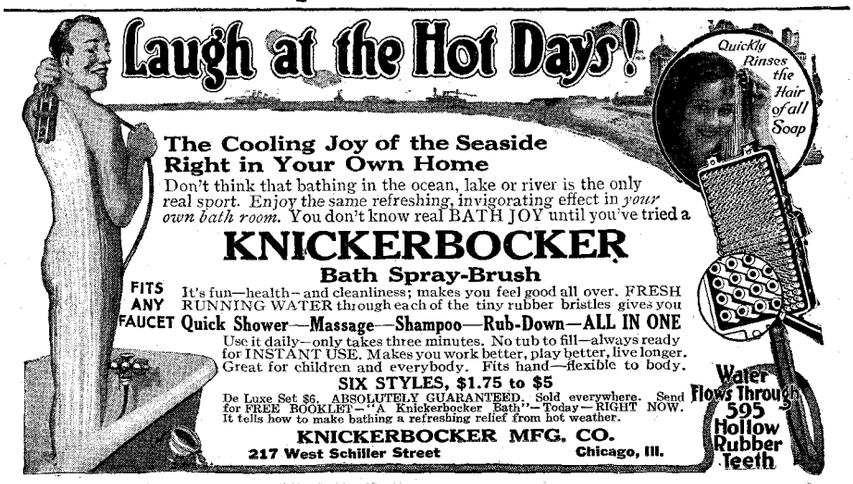

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

June 21.—New York City welcomes the Italian war-mission.

Franklin Remington, president of the Foundation Company, announces that the construction of ten wooden vessels for the United States has begun at the yards on the Passaic River.

June 22.—The total amount subscribed to the Liberty Loan as announced by Secretary McAdoo is $3,035,226,850. More than 4,000,000 persons participated.

Arriving at an Atlantic port, an American steamship reports an engagement with a German submarine, during which the latter was badly damaged.

Washington states that President Wilson will give full authority to General Goethals to commandeer any ship or the ways in the United States and full discretion in the expenditure of the $500,000,000 authorized by Congress.

The Administration Food-Control Bill providing for nation-wide prohibition is passed by the House by a vote of 365 to 5.

The French and British Admiralties have ordered the immediate construction at an aggregate price of $1,500,000, of twenty-five aerial boats like the flying whale development of the Curtiss flying-boat.

Secretary Baker announces that the sixteen cantonments for the National Army will be ready about September for the 625,000 men called to the colors.

June 23.—The Navy Department reports that during an engagement with a German submarine in the Mediterranean an American vessel's gun destroyed the enemy's periscope and may have sunk her.

June 25.—President Wilson designates Secretary Lansing as chairman; Secretary Redfield, Secretary Houston, and Herbert C. Hoover as an Export Council which will administer the embargo to be placed upon foodstuffs and all important war-materials.

The New York State census ends with an enrolment of 2,900,000.

The Navy Department reports that training-camps costing approximately $9,000,000 are nearing completion and will accommodate 80,000 men.

Ten surgeons from different parts of the country lay before the General Medical Board of the National Council of Defense plans for the rehabilitation of American soldiers maimed or crippled in the war.

June 26.—The U. S. Cruiser *Olympia*, flag-ship of the Coast-Patrol Fleet of the Second Naval District, runs ashore on Block Island in a heavy fog. Chief Machinist's Mate Babb, of Reading, Pa., is killed by a falling hatch.

Four hundred coal operators agree to sell their product at a "fair and reasonable price," to be fixt with the approval of the Defense Council's coal committee.

Demands of machinists for increased pay result in a strike of 12,000 men employed in the shipyards of New York and New Jersey, thus interfering with the Government's ship-building program.

Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red

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Cross War-Council, announces that the total contributions to the call for $100,000,000 has reached a total of $114,000,000.

June 27.—The Committee on Agriculture of the Senate eliminates beer from the Food Administration Bill, leaving wine as the only intoxicating drink that may be made during the remainder of the war, and leaving this within the discretion of the President.

Washington receives word of the safe arrival in France of the first American troops. No announcement of the numbers or composition of this advance-guard will be made public until the official report of General Pershing is received.

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

June 21.—By a series of furious counter-attacks the French recover positions at the west of the Chemin des Dames which were carried the day before by the Germans.

After violent fighting south of Laon the German forces penetrate a salient of the French line, London hears. The British report successful raids southeast of Queant.

The Italian troops blow up the Austrian position on Lagazuoi Piccolo and carry the summit of the hill.

American doctors, nurses, and enlisted men take over British general field-hospitals, releasing the English staffs for duty near their front.

une 24.—By a dashing counter-attack the French win back the positions lost to the Germans south of Laon with the exception of a small part of a salient northeast of Moisy Farm.

Athens dispatches report Prime Minister Zaimis, of Greece, about to resign and a Venizelist ministry is slated to succeed him.

une 25.—Canadian troops drive the Germans from the first-line trenches on the outskirts of Lens, making a substantial advance on a front of a mile and a half, London reports.

une 26.—The Canadian troops occupy La Coulotte, a village a mile south of Lens, thus drawing the line tighter around the great mining city, London announces.

A scathing report of the commission investigating the Mesopotamia expedition is made public in a Blue Book issued in London. The enterprise is declared to have been undertaken "with insufficient forces and inadequate preparation," and the loss of Kut is found to have been due to "lack of foresight, mistakes, and miscalculations." The chief responsibility for the failure is placed upon General Nixon, former commander of the British forces in Mesopotamia; Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, and the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Beauchamp Duff.

ne 27.—The British Admiralty report shows a falling off in submarine sinkings during the past week, the total number being 28, the smallest in the last three weekly bulletins. The record shows: Arrivals, 2,875; sailings, 2,923. British merchant ships of over 1,600 tons sunk by mines or submarines, 21; ships under 1,600 tons, 7. Ships unsuccessfully attacked, 22.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

ne 23.—A series of "feelers" carried out by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg around the Laon plateau indicates a

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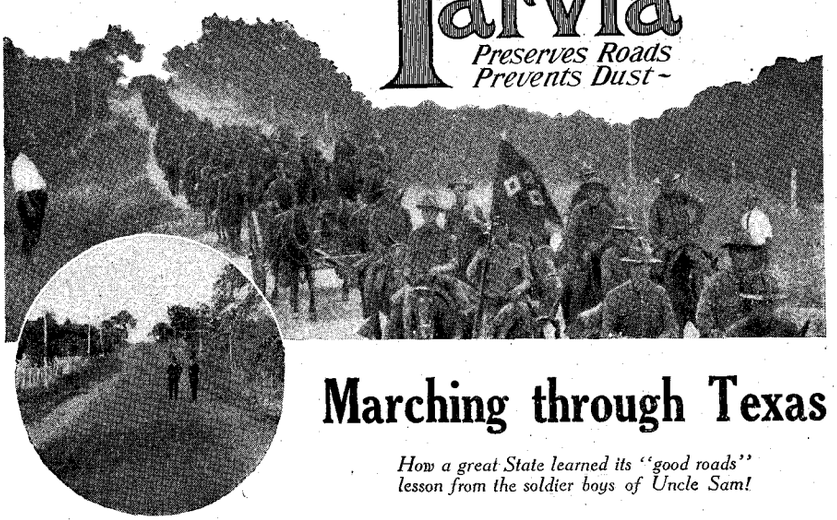

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"It would seem that the passing of this division twice over the road would be a severe test, but this was not all the punishment it received.

"In order that the troops might have fresh supplies, the old way of carrying three days' rations was discontinued, and they were supplied by daily motor-truck service direct from Fort Sam Houston. This kept a string of trucks constantly in service.

"Also the 6,000 horses were driven over a portion of the Tarviated surface twice daily for five days, to which should be added the ordinary traffic, which averages 1,500 automobiles per day, many horse-drawn wagons, etc.

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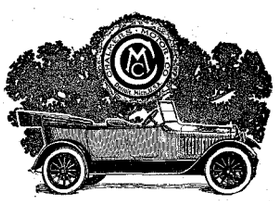

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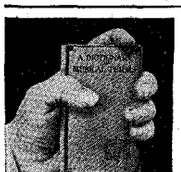

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new offensive by the Germans, French headquarters reports.

The massing of fifty-two reserve-divisions by the Germans in April prevented their rout by the Allied forces on the Somme, Colonel Repington, the military expert of the London *Times*, explains.

The intense heat and dry weather have had a most unfavorable effect on vegetables and fruit in Germany, dispatches to Copenhagen indicate. The old-potato crop is almost exhausted and the expected supply from Hungary is delayed by drought.

June 24.—The *Berliner Tageblatt* opposes a separate treaty between Germany and Russia, and urges the pursuit of a general peace.

Austrians attack the Italian position on Mount Settsass, but are driven back with considerable loss.

June 25.—Emperor William, in reviewing his troops on the Western front on July 21, declares that "we shall not loose our hold until peace is gained," says a Berlin dispatch to Amsterdam.

Mr. Branting, the Socialist leader Scandinavia, declares that the gra indignation has been aroused by th German plot to destroy neutral ship ping, exposed by the discovery o bombs and infernal machines in th baggage of a supposed German diplo matic courier.

RUSSIA

June 21.—The Congress of Soldiers' an Workmen's Delegates votes confidenc in the Provisional Government an demands the immediate resumptio of the offensive and the reorganizatio of the army, Petrograd reports.

June 22.—Rear-Admiral Glennon and oth naval members of the American missio to Russia reach Sebastopol in th midst of a mutinous outbreak amon the sailors of the Black Sea Flee Petrograd dispatches announce.

Elihu Root makes his first public a pearance in Russia at a large gatheri in Petrograd, and, outlining the caus which induced America to enter th war, declares that she will fight unt the world is made safe for democrac

A party of Russian engineers arriv New York declare that the demo of their country is safe and that Russ will do its part in the war.

Mr. Root and the American Commissi formally meet the representatives of t Workmen and Soldiers in Moscow. T Commission is assured that Russia w not lay down arms so long as the safe of the newly won freedom is imperile

June 25.—Bills providing for an increa tax on incomes and war-indu profits are submitted to the Pr sional Government, Petrograd repor

June 26.—The Root mission leaves Mosco for Petrograd with a distinct feelin of encouragement as to the conduct the war.

June 27.—The Congress of Soldiers' a Workmen's Delegates adopts a resol tion rejecting any move for a separa peace between Germany and Russ it is announced from Petrograd.

DOMESTIC

June 21.—Capt. John A. O'Brien, bett known as "Dynamite Johnny" O'Bric the filibuster, who kept the Cub

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revolution alive during the early days, dies at the age of 80.

The Circuit Court of Appeals decides in favor of the Associated Press in its suit against the Hearst International News Service.

Rear-Admiral William P. Potter, U. S. N., retired, dies of apoplexy at his home in Whitehall, N. Y.

June 24.—T. P. O'Connor, M.P., arrives in New York on a mission for the Irish party.

June 26.—Frank A. Munsey sells the Washington *Times*, of which he has been the proprietor for fifteen years, to Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York *Evening Journal*, one of W. R. Hearst's publications.

June 27.—Col. Oliver Hazard Payne, a Standard Oil pioneer whose holdings are estimated to be worth $90,000,000, dies at his home in New York at the age of 78.

FOREIGN

21.—Alfredo Cocchi, wanted in New York for the murder of Ruth Cruger, is arrested in Bologna, Italy.

une 25.—The American note to China about which there was so much misunderstanding is reported at Washington to have made a favorable impression in China. It is believed that the revolt will be suppressed and that China will now enter the war.

une 26.—Following disorders in various provinces, the Spanish Government suspends all constitutional guaranties, a dispatch from Madrid announces.

une 27.—The new Greek Cabinet, with Venizelos at the head, assumes office and is enthusiastically acclaimed by the people, Athens dispatches report.

True Preparedness.—A motorist, journeying through the Rumpus Ridge region f Arkansas, came upon two men wallowng in the dust of the big road and belaborng each other right zealously. As the aveler brought his car to a halt to keep om running over the combatants, they and whacked a portion of the dust their garments. Then, stepping m the track, they produced pipes from eir pockets, and one offered his tobacco the other in the most amicable way.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the otorist, "but what were you fighting bout?"

"Aw, that wasn't fighting, presizely," plied one of the men. "My name is Gap ohnson, and three or four of my oldest s are beginning to wall their eyes and about love. This yur gent is Bung addock, the best rough-and-tumble rapper on the Ridge. I ain't as soople as used to be, and I'm just practising up with m against the time when I'll have to fight passel of sons-in-law."—*Kansas City tar.*

An Unkind Brother.—Vexation and grief ruggled for mastery in Gertrude's soul.

"Mother, do come out and speak to reddy," she said. "He's treadin' on ll the ants in the garden."

"How very unkind!" said the mother.

"Yes, that's what I've told him," said ertrude, "but he won't let me tread on a ngle one."—*Chicago Herald.*

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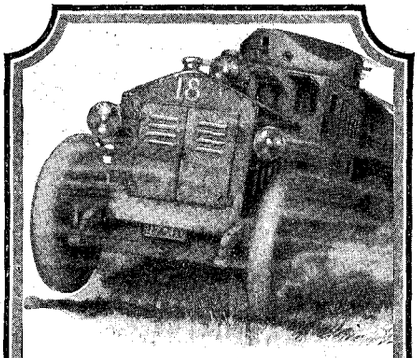

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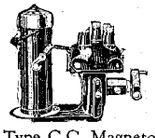

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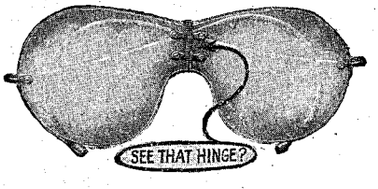

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"A. J. W.," Whitewater, Wis.—"Is the word *same* correctly used in the following sentence: 'Your letter received and I thank you for the *same*'?"

The word *same* has, as one of its meanings, "aforesaid or particular; very; marking the thing just mentioned or held in mind: sometimes used as a noun." It was so used by Southey and Newman, but the LEXICOGRAPHER prefers the demonstrative *it*.

"C. W.," Detroit, Mich.—"Is it grammatically correct to say that three women out of four want a new bathing-suit?"

One bathing-suit would scarcely suffice to supply the needs of three women; therefore, the correct form is: "Three women out of four want new *bathing-suits*."

"M. A.," Cokeburg, Pa.—"May the word *pike* be used as a verb."

Pike, as a verb, has several meanings: (1) to run through or kill with a pike; (2) to lift or convey with a pike; (3) to heap up or pile, as hay, into cocks or pikes; (4) to pluck or steal; (5) to pick or peck; (6) to peep. In slang, it means "to bet timidly or in small amounts, hence to spend money warily."

"A. H. A.," Worcester, Mass.—"Please give me the origin, use, and definition of *deseret*."

The word *deseret* is defined as follows: "The honey-bee; also, the Land of the Honey-bee: used as a mystic word in the *Book of Mormon*."

"R. G.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"Is it allowable (grammatical) in putting up a sign for a dry-goods store (formerly known as 'Campbell's Store') to have it spelled *Campbells'*, that is, the apostrophe after the *s*? The father died, and the three sons continue the business."

It is not merely allowable, but obligatory to write "Campbells'" if there are more than one of them.

"H. L. D.," Elizabethton, Tenn.—"(1) Which is correct: '*Civic* Committee' or '*Civics* Committee?' (2) Please tell me what is the proper *pronunciation of the word mechanician*. Is there any authority for its being pronounced *mechan'i-can?* (3) My little boy said, 'Mother, I was struck by a ball.' I asked, 'Whereabouts?' Is the latter expression incorrect? (4) What is the pronunciation of Jefferson's old home—*Monticello?*"

(1) If the committee referred to consists of representative members of a city, "*Civic* Committee" is correct, but if the committee is one that is concerned with the science that treats of the government of cities, then "*Civics* Committee" should be used. (2) *Mechanician* is pronounced *mek''a-nish'an*—*e* as in *get*, *a's* as in *final*. There is no authority for placing the accent on the second syllable. (3) *Whereabouts* means "near what place; about where." It is used interrogatively and conjunctively. (4) *Monticello* is pronounced *mon''ti-sel'o*—the first *o* as in *not*, the *i* as in *habit*, the *e* as in *get*, and the final *o* as in *obey*.

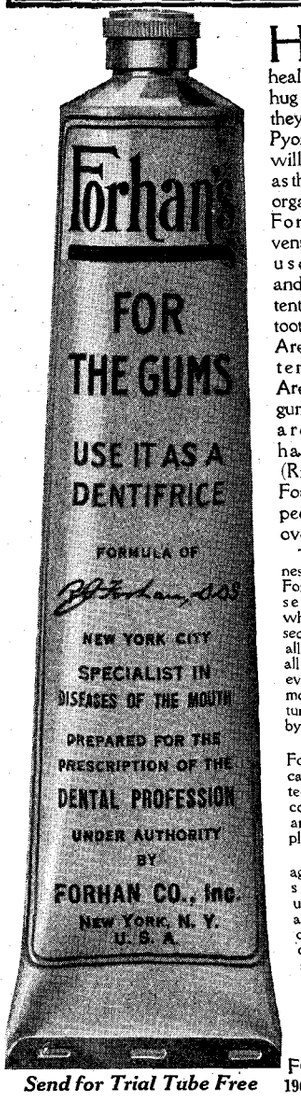
"G. W. B.," Washington, D. C.—"Is the italicized sentence in the accompanying extract incorrect? 'I believe that the greatest present menace to the American Indian is whisky. It does more to destroy his constitution and invite the ravages of disease than anything else. *It does more to demoralize him as a man and frequently as a woman.*'"

The sentence is incorrect. It not only implies that an individual Indian can be a man and a woman at the same time, but is incomplete.

"W. M. B.," New York City.—"Will you please give me an exhaustive analysis of the word undertaker? Are there any other words which are used for different purposes as divergent as the use of *undertaker*?"

The word *undertaker*, as far as the LEXICOGRAPHER has been able to trace it, may be found in Crowell's "Interpreter, or Book Containing the Signification of Words," compiled in 1607. This word, however, does not appear to have been used at that time to designate "one who provides all things necessary for a funeral." According to Crowell, "undertakers were such as are employed by purveyours of the King as their deputies." This definition is based upon

Gum decay causes tooth decay



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the second year of the reign of Edward, and the third year of Philip and Mary, chapter 6. Crowell further defines it as "such as undertake any great work, as drying of fennes," and cites as authority an Act of the 43d year of Queen Elizabeth, chapter 11. The first reference to the word to cover "one who takes upon himself to embalm dead bodies and to provide all things necessary for a funeral" that the LEXICOGRAPHER has been able to find occurs in Philips's "New World of Words," 6th edition, edited by John Kersey, London, 1706.

Etymologically, the words used for the name are merely *under* plus *take*, which may mean that the individual concerned undertook to provide all the necessaries for a funeral, or that he took under the body of the subject to be buried. There is no direct evidence of exactly how these words were applied. The late Professor Skeat, however, traced the word with the meaning 'one who takes a business in hand"; that is to say, one who engages to carry out some particular business. There have been various literary applications to the word, the exact dates of which the LEXICOGRAPHER can only approximate in certain cases, as, for instance, in the verses cited below from Robert Blair, the Scottish poet. In Swift's works ("Bickerst. Detected"), issued in 1700, a distinction is made between "undertakers, imbalmers, etc." In "The London Gazette," No. 4339, edited 1707, reference is made to "funeral undertakers." Robert Blair (1699-1746) wrote—

"Ye *undertakers*, tell us
Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal concealed, for which
You make this mighty stir?"

David Garrick (1716-1779), in the prolog to his "Apprentice," wrote—

"Prologues precede the piece in mournful verse,
As *undertakers* walk before the hearse."

You ask: "Are there any other words which are used for different purposes as divergent as the use of *undertaker?*" The LEXICOGRAPHER replies: If you will look at the word *blackguard*, you will find that at one time a *blackguard* was a respectable soldier whose duty was to protect the kitchen-utensils of an army on the march. Later it was used to designate the men who tended the utensils, and now it means a disreputable fellow. The word *girl*, designating a young woman, is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *gyrl*, which in the Anglo-Saxon meant *man*. This has been corrupted since to *churl*, and now means "a sordid or stingy person, a miser." For a further example of this kind, and the language is full of them, take the word *carpenter*, which to-day means a wood-worker. Originally it meant a carriage-maker, and is derived from the Latin *carpentum*, "a two-wheeled covered carriage, coach, or chariot."

An investigation of the various encyclopedias in the LEXICOGRAPHER'S shelves to-day, including the "New Britannica," the "New International," Chambers's, and several others, reveals practically nothing concerning the word *undertaker* in its use of a funeral-director. From 1607 down through the dictionaries on his shelves, the LEXICOGRAPHER examined all up to 1706 before he found this meaning recorded. From 1706, for about twenty-five years, the word seems to have eluded the lexicographers, or was neglected by them, but it is to be found again in this particular use recorded in Bailey's "English Dictionary," 1724, altho it does not appear recorded in Edward Coles' Dictionary, 1717, and Cocker's Dictionary, 1715, but it does occur in John Harsey's "Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum" of 1708. If you will refer to Chambers's "Book of Days," Volume 1, pages 330-331 and 792-793, you will find an amusing sketch on "The Merry Undertakers" and a reference to a cartoon by Hogarth (1697-1764).

"A. F.," Los Angeles, Cal.—"Is *assume* used correctly in the following sentence? Would not *presume* be preferable? 'We *assume* the subscriber wishes to know as to peas which will add the pasturing value, and in that case we doubt if the ordinary Canadian field pea will be the best.'"

Why not? To assume means "to take for granted; suppose," and the word has been used in this sense since about 1550. "Presume," used in the same sense, is older and dates from Langland's time (*circa*, 1377).

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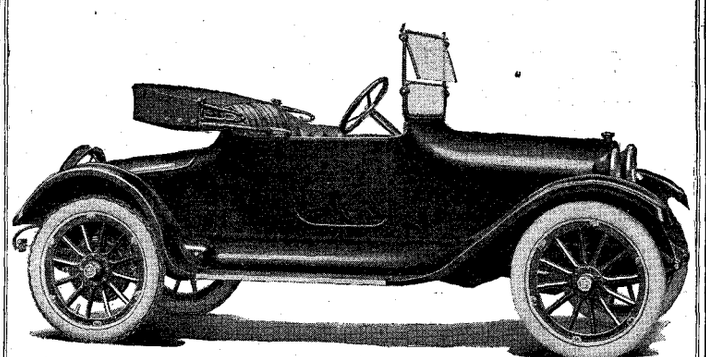

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

HOW THE LIBERTY LOAN WAS MADE SUCCESSFUL

THAT it would not be possible in May, 1917, for the Government of the United States to sell anything like $2,000,000,000 of bonds carrying only 3½ per cent. interest was believed at the time by many experienced financiers. The field was there, but it did not seem possible that it could be cultivated and harvested in one month. Had the amount been made only $1,000,000,000, or had the rate been made 4 per cent., these skeptics thought success might be possible. But $2,000,000,000, carrying only 3½ per cent. interest in a country that had been accustomed to borrowing rather than lending, at a time, moreover, when good bonds paid up to 6 per cent., with savings-banks paying 3½ and 4 per cent.—that was a staggering proposition.

Just how the loan succeeded was recently made clear by a writer in the New York *Times Annalist*. Financiers had "made up their minds that they would show Washington what a real bond-selling campaign could be when engineered by men who had been conspicuously successful in many smaller undertakings." Accordingly these men within a week had down-town New York "in a turmoil, with slight evidences of disturbance in suburban districts." At the end of a fortnight they had begun to get echoes from as far west as Minneapolis. By the close of the third week "men in coal-mines far below the earth's surface, and sailors out at sea exchanged queries as to what Liberty Bonds were, and as to whether a man who had never owned much of anything but the clothes on his back could possibly come to own one." The result was that "at the end of the fourth week clerks at the central headquarters, into which applications poured, were digging feverishly to keep their heads above the avalanche of subscriptions that came in by mail, by wire, and by messenger." The country responded with over $3,000,000,000 of subscriptions, with somewhere about 4,000,000 persons subscribing—"an achievement that has never been equaled in any other country." It was accomplished, the writer says, "at a total cost, for the entire nation, of about $5,000,000, of which less than $500,000 will be borne by the Government." The balance of the cost represents "the value of time and contributions of money, or its equivalent, given by citizens and organizations in order that the loan should not fail." As to just why the loan succeeded the writer says:

"Primarily, the loan succeeded because of the temper of the men to whom its flotation was entrusted. They meant that it should not fail. If it had been made known privately to them at the eleventh hour of the campaign that subscriptions were still short of the amount offered they would have subscribed the balance themselves rather than have word go forth to the men in Europe that the United States had fallen down on its pledges of support.

"The loan succeeded after the greatest publicity campaign ever conducted in this country; so much greater in fact than any predecessor, that there is nothing with which to compare it. Every known method of getting public attention was used freely, the newspapers, the moving pictures, bill-boards, electric signs, wagon- and window-posters, meetings, bands, parades, soap-box oratory, airplanes, bells, whistles, theaters, automobiles, dinners, novelties, boy scouts, and other things too numerous to mention, as the auction notices say. If there is a man or woman tucked away in any corner of the United States to whom an appeal was not made in some form, he or she is well hidden. Even prisoners in jails subscribed.

"The largest single individual subscription was $20,000,000, made by John D. Rockefeller; the smallest $50, made by several hundred thousand people. To a large number of the buyers the filing of an application constitutes a pledge to work and save, for the bonds were taken by thousands who have no surplus on which to draw, but who will set aside a small amount each week until the bond is theirs. The Steel Corporation invested $50,000,000 of its surplus in the bonds."

The question as to what turn the investment market would now take, with the Liberty Loan out of the way and the American people in possession of their first great lesson in finance, saving, and investment, has been discust by a writer in *The Financial World*, who had found the question "on the lips of every investment banker when he met another with whom to talk it over." Opinion was not unanimous but the great preponderance of belief was that "incalculable benefit had been done by the Liberty-Loan campaign, and that fully 2,000,000 individuals who were never before acquainted with the rudiments even of investments in bonds or cared about saving for a rainy day any more than putting a few dollars into the savings bank at irregular intervals, had had their interest aroused and would from now on save something for investment purposes where they saved nothing before." Investment bankers and banks, which had now secured a much enlarged field to work in could with reason say that if the number of investors in bonds in the United States could be increased from 400,000 to 2,500,000 in a six weeks' campaign, "this great host can be induced to take another step and enlarge their commitments in Liberty Bonds to take in others in private industries that are sound."

It was believed that more than 65 per cent. of the individuals who contracted to buy Liberty Bonds would pay for their out of savings, dividends, interest, rents or other income rather than from sale of some security they already possest in order to meet their payments. There has undoubtedly been some liquidation in the general bond-market early in June, however, as was shown by the range in price of forty bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. On June 8 the average price of these forty bonds had been 83.74 and on June 14 it was 83.45, a fall of 29 points or a little more than an average of one quarter of 1 per cent. The low level of the year for these forty bonds was on May 21, when the average was 83.27. There had therefore been some recovery during the progress of the Liberty-Loan campaign with, however, a later tendency to lose some of it. The high of the year was 89.48, which was achieved on January 2

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"Summer" issues of The Digest will carry more advertising than we used to get at Christmas time, because we are doing in July what we formerly thought could be only done profitably in November — increasing our circulation.

Because of the war—our war now—The Digest is more popular, more valuable, than ever before in its history.

Space in the July 21st issue will be worth more than we charge for it, and the forms close at twelve noon on Thursday, July 12th.

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so that the average fall in about five months had been just about $60 for each $1,000 bond. This was evidence to this writer "of a very striking character and attesting severe readjustment from peace- to war-conditions."

A writer in *The Journal of Commerce* found the facts about the conditions under which the loan was floated "more and more reassuring as they are further studied." Oversubscription was in itself wholesome from the standpoint of national interest and strength; that so large a proportion of the public directly interested itself in subscribing "was still more encouraging," but to find that the subscriptions of the small investors made a substantially large percentage of the total bond issue "was even better news." Should subscribers show promptness in clearing off their obligations to the banks and thus definitely take the securities off the market, "the operation could be considered to have worked out almost ideally."

It would then have been made clear that the success of the loan was dependent on saving and this was the very thing financiers wanted. Many of the buyers were persons who had never before purchased securities; while a number no doubt had not been in the habit of saving regularly if they saved at all. Probably a considerable percentage of the buyers had thus "undertaken to accumulate larger savings than they had ever before thought feasible."

It was now becoming apparent that by means of thrift chiefly, the war would be won. When firemen in the small city of Elmira decided to work four hours a day longer and to give their additional earnings to the Red-Cross Fund, they showed the way things were moving in this country. Thomas W. Lamont emphasized in an address that in order to meet the strain of new taxes and the interest upon great loans, the people must add to their savings and not draw upon them. He showed how it would be "almost suicidal to draw $5,000,000,000 out of the savings-banks and put it into a war-loan." He believed there was no need to do anything of the sort, if all faced the facts. On this point a writer in *The Wall Street Journal* said:

"Great Britain recently floated, a thirty months of war, a popular loan which upwards of $900,000,000, or nea one-fifth, was subscribed over the cou through the post-office. These were smallest of small subscriptions, and i estimated that there were upwards of million subscribers who bought in bo of a redemption value of five dollars. it is important to note that while remarkable contribution was made by very people who deposit in the post-o savings-bank, the savings-bank depo which had been almost equivalent these contributions, actually increa $25,000,000.

"What had happened was that people were lending to the cause of t country the increased savings of frugal longer hours of work, and, above all, be work during the hours of employm We can never win the war by the dole can spare out of extravagance. Mo and men will not do it without sacri No one will pretend that labor, even in present hours of employment, is ne as efficient as it should be, or is produ new wealth at a rate justifying new sav out of better wages. And yet all t things are necessary.

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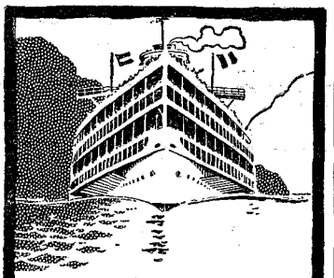

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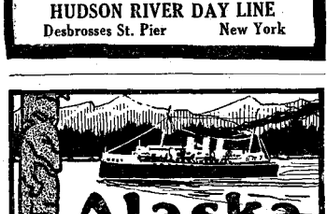

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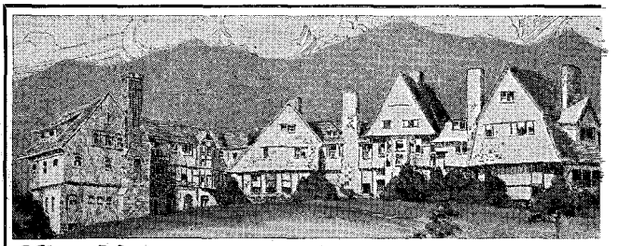

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